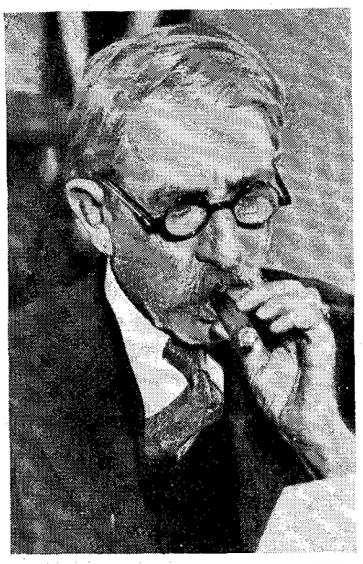
The Literary Digest

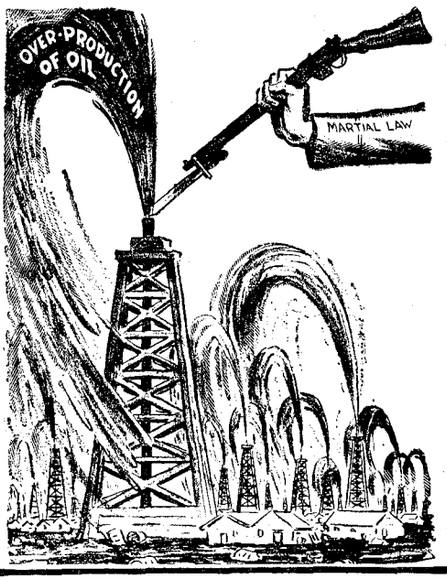
NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY



Wide World

Murray of Oklahoma



Will It Work?

—From the New Orleans "Times-Picayune."

Wide World

Sterling of Texas

TWO OIL-STATE GOVERNORS AND WHAT THEY ARE TRYING TO DO

Martial-Law Medicine for the Sick Oil Industry

RUDDY, 260-POUND ROSS S. STERLING, Governor of Texas, jumps into the oil fight started by Oklahoma's picturesque executive, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, famous for his "handlebar" mustache and red galluses.

Martial law is declared throughout the length and breadth of the enormous oil-field in east Texas. The vast flow from 1,600 wells ceases as 1,000 National Guardsmen patrol the zone.

Thus Texas follows the lead of Governor Murray in closing more than 3,000 wells, as told in our issue of August 15, until the price climbs to one dollar a barrel, on the ground that the State's resources are being wasted.

By the action of the two States, it is estimated that more than 1,000,000 barrels of oil a day, or about two-fifths of the entire amount produced in the United States, are cut off. Almost at once prices begin to stiffen, and the general impression in the oil industry and in Wall Street seems to be that gasoline and all other petroleum products are headed for substantial advances.

Altho similar in effect, the orders of the two Governors were somewhat different. Whereas Governor Murray fixt one dollar a barrel as the price to which petroleum must go before he would permit resumption of production, Governor Sterling set no price, but declared martial law because of the frantic efforts of producers to get as much oil out of the ground as possible before the Texas Railroad Commission frames proration rules under a new law passed at a special session of the Legislature.

In his proclamation of martial law Governor Sterling said:

"It is evident that there exists an organized and entrenched group of crude petroleum-oil and natural-gas operators who are in a state of insurrection against the conservation laws of the State relating to the prevention of waste of crude petroleum oil and natural gas, and are in open rebellion against the efforts of constituted civil authorities of this State to enforce such laws."

The Governor, we read, also exprest fear that citizens in the area might "attempt to take the law into their own hands and by force of arms shut down the producing oil-wells" unless the State acted.

"Close up or go to jail" was the warning carried by the guardsmen to all producers. Anybody who violated the order was subject to imprisonment until the period of martial law ended, it was said. But no trouble was reported as the soldiers took the field.

Oklahoma, acting alone, would have been helpless, it is said, to stem the flood of cheap oil, which in recent weeks has touched ten cents a barrel in east Texas. Governor Murray's State is credited with cutting the supply by 300,000 barrels a day, while Texas has reduced it by 700,000. To quote a Kilgore, Texas, dispatch of the Associated Press written just after Governor Sterling acted:

"The shut-down of the great east Texas field, the largest in the country, was completed to-day under martial law, stemming

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rush of petroleum that drove prices to the lowest level in mid-continent history.

"Flush wells in Oklahoma, which were closed two weeks ago by Governor Murray, remained under martial law, and he reiterated his statement that the shut-down would continue until purchasing companies raised the price to $1 a barrel.

"Action of the two Governors lopped nearly 1,000,000 barrels from the nation's daily output of crude oil.

"Predictions of Governor Sterling and oil leaders that prices were headed upward, and that possible stabilization of the industry was in sight found some degree of fulfilment to-day.

"The Morgan Petroleum Company boosted its offer for Oklahoma City crude to seventy-seven cents a barrel, twenty-five cents above the existing top price, contingent on reopening of that field. But Governor Murray was unshaken in his stand for $1 oil.

"Fred Morgan, president of the company, said he considered seventy-seven cents was reasonable and in line with prices of other commodities. He exprest the opinion that other companies would meet his offer. The Champlin Refining Company of Enid recently stated it would like to post a price of $1, but that the market value of gasoline and other products prevented such action.

"The Kansas Public Service Commission was preparing for a hearing early next month to determine the extent of a possible shut-down in that State. Marvin Lee of Wichita, chairman of the commission's oil advisory commission, said under the new State proration law the Kansas output of about 102,000 barrels daily could be curtailed by half.

"'We don't want producers to believe that because of the Texas and Oklahoma shut-downs they can come into Kansas and open up new production,' Thurman Hill, a member of the commission, said."

PRAISE for Governor Sterling was voiced by E. B. Reeser, President of the American Petroleum Institute. He said, as quoted by the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"Stabilization of the petroleum industry will follow the complete and orderly proration of east Texas.

"The courageous action of Governor Sterling of Texas in placing the east Texas oil-field under martial law will be commended by a very large proportion of the petroleum industry and by banking and commercial activities throughout the entire mid-continent area.

"The demand for martial law was strong in east Texas itself," according to *The Enterprise* of Beaumont, Texas. And in Gilmer, right in the east Texas field, *The Daily Mirror* insists that the Governor took the "only possible step to save inestimable treasure from wanton destruction." This paper believes that with rigid proration enforcement to follow martial law, operators "who had hoped to deflower the field in a few months" will be "effectively foiled." "The move seems to have met with general public approbation," reports the Houston *Post-Dispatch.* "Economic expediency" may or may not have prompted Governor Sterling's move, but its popular justification, the San Antonio *Light* tells us, "is based upon the fact that it conforms with an approved public policy." "The American people are not cooperation-minded," reflects the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram;* "the only influence to which they would yield is the elemental one of force." The Dallas *News* is not so sure that the Governor's act was legally justified:

"What justification there is for the drastic executive action in the name of conservation must be found in the unquestioned fact that operators who continue to run oil in the face of the cooperation of their neighbors in proration measures drain petroleum from beneath surface belonging to others. A questionable executive remedy is being used to offset a private wrong enacted under the protection of the law."

LITTLE criticism of Governor Sterling's action is to be found in the press outside his State. For a long time the oil industry has been sick, and there seems to be a tendency to wait and see if the action of Texas and Oklahoma will prove a constructive step. If petroleum prices go up, some editors wonder how much more the consumer will have to pay, say, for gasoline.

"The outlook is improved," says the Springfield *Republican:*

"But the United States will never have proper conservation of its petroleum resources until all the producing States adopt a fairly uniform policy of control and act in harmony—if that be possible."

And here is the plan advocated by the Tulsa *Tribune,* in Governor Murray's State:

"Interstate control would be the most effective way to bring the domestic oil supply down to the market demand. Working together, the States could quickly force production down to a point to justify a price of $1 or better at every pool in the country.

"Oklahoma should take the lead in bringing the oil States together in an agreement of this sort. The price-fixing powers can be beaten at their own game, and this is the way to do it. Instead of waiting for the spirit to move them, it would be wise to do some prodding."

The Negro's Northward Exodus

BROADER GROW THE BLACK BELTS in Northern cities—in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and Chicago.

Northward and cityward the Southern Negro is wending his way.

Census figures released in Washington now focus the attention of the nation's editors on this significant trend; and not a few of them seek to unearth the meaning of what the Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen* calls "a population shift of the greatest potential importance." This paper summarizes the census statistics:

"Out of a total Negro population of 11,891,143, the census shows that 9,361,577 are in the South, an increase for the decade of 5 per cent.; while 2,409,219 are in the North, an increase for the decade of 63.6 per cent. The West now has 120,347 Negroes, or 53.1 per cent. more than 1920.

"During the ten-year period the Negro population of the North and West increased by 978,666, as compared with an increase in the South of 449,346.

"It is clear from these figures that at least three-quarters of a million Negroes migrated from the South during the decade.

"Three Southern States—Georgia, Virginia and South Carolina—showed an actual loss in Negro population. Michigan showed a Negro gain of 182 per cent., New York of 108 per cent., Illinois of 80 per cent., New Jersey of 78.3 per cent., Ohio of 66.1 per cent., and Pennsylvania of 5.15 per cent.

"These are striking changes. The great bulk of the Negro population is still in the South, but the implications of the fact that almost two-thirds of the whole increase in Negro population from 1920 to 1930 occurred in the North are the more far-reaching, because this is true."

THE Raleigh *News and Observer* notes that the boll-weevil in the deep South first drove the rural Negro from the cotton-fields to the great urban centers.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* is more interested in the political potentialities of this migration from cotton belt to city streets. Is a Negro bloc imminent in municipal politics? The *Sun* correspondent speculates:

"Concentrated increases in the Negro population of certain Northern States, as contrasted with slight gains—and in some cases actual losses—in numbers of the race in the South, is giving pause to practical politicians concerned with the specter of an organized Negro bloc.

"Whether such a development is imminent is open to question, but political leaders agree there is a trend in that direction through continuing migration of the Negro from those States where voting is difficult, if not downright impossible for him, to havens where he enjoys the franchise without interference."

Writing in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Rev. Henry Hugh Proctor, colored pastor of the Nazarene Congregational Church, Brooklyn, asserts this exodus to be "the greatest since Israel left Egypt." This analyst gives three reasons for the drift:

"The first of the three reasons was the call for labor from the North, due to the labor vacuum caused by the World War.

"Another was due to the ill-treatment they have received in the South as the aftermath of slavery.

"The other was the passion of a race, long suppressed, to find itself in the American democracy, inspired as its militant sons were by their experiences in the World War."

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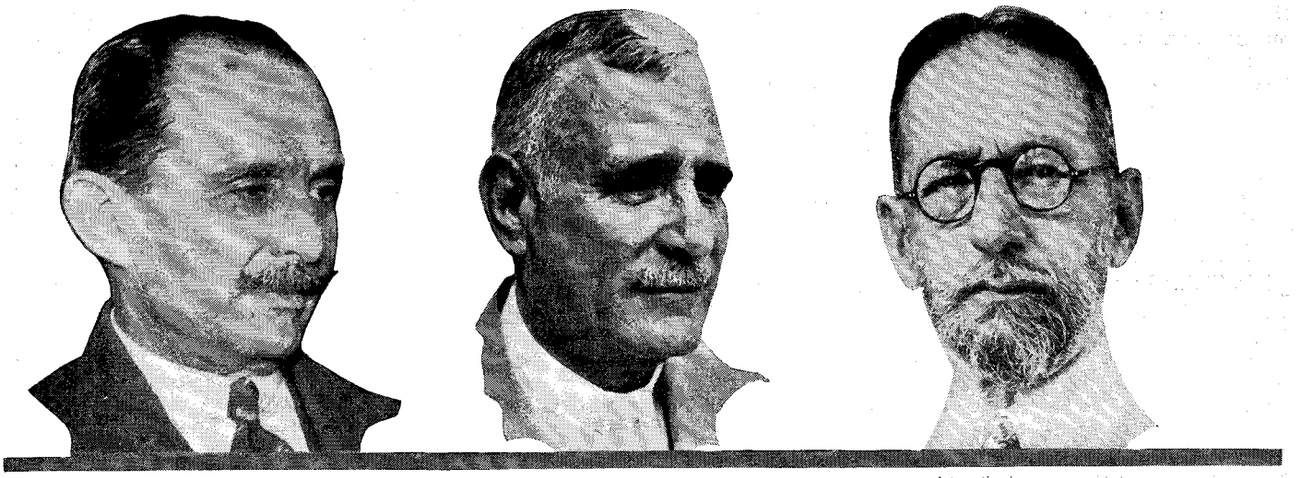

Keystone International International

Three Cuban Leaders Who Have Been Stirring Up Revolt Against President Machado

Col. Roberto Mendez Penate, at the reader's left, who kept on fighting in Santa Clara after Col. Carlos Mendieta (center) and ex-President Mario Menocal (right) were captured by Federal troops.

Why Revolt Flames Up in Cuba

POVERTY-STRICKEN "Pearl of the Antilles," Cuba finds men and money for another revolutionary uprising, called the most serious since 1917.

Political discontent combined with economic stringency due to the collapse of sugar prices sets the island aflame with revolt.

That the fighting would be of short duration seemed to be the general impression a week after it began, on August 9. But sporadic outbreaks were continuing, and in these sparks was seen the threat of a general conflagration. Washington was keeping a sharp eye on the situation while the enemies of President Gerardo Machado were doing their utmost to drive him from office.

Only a few days after the revolt began, press reports tell us, Federal troops captured its two outstanding leaders, former President Mario G. Menocal and Col. Carlos Mendieta. But despite that serious setback, supporters of the revolt declared that it would go on with new leaders.

This followed the declaration of martial law throughout Cuba and President Machado's trip to Santa Clara province, one of the centers of insurrection, where he offered amnesty to all rebels, except the leaders, who would lay down their arms.

As long as Machado retains control of the well-trained Army of 10,000 to 12,000 which he has built up, observers seem to agree that he can laugh at the opposition. Quick raids by small groups were the chief activity of the rebels in the first ten days. Altho no important victory had been gained by them, and they seemed unable to concentrate their forces for a decisive attack, the Government was said to be nervous because, according to a dispatch from Alva Johnston, correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, 95 per cent. of the population are anti-Machado.

In what was called the first battle of any importance, a filibustering expedition of about 350 men, which was said to have been assembled in Florida, was destroyed by Federal troops at Gibara on August 19, according to dispatches.

The revolt flamed two days before the Cuban House of Representatives was to meet to pass proposed reforms, providing for the shortening of President Machado's term from six years to four, the holding of Congressional elections in November, 1932, and full recognition of opposition political parties. American Ambassador Harry F. Guggenheim, who had proposed these reforms to President Machado in the hope of preventing trouble, said that they would have removed the principal causes of political discontent.

It was because of this, assert Machado spokesmen, that the rebels struck, fearing that they would be left without a following when the Legislature acted. But the opposition declares that Machado was no more sincere in these promises than when he promised not to run for a second term, and that it was decided to strike before he could capitalize the legislative action.

"Machado has destroyed the rights, liberties, and properties of the Cuban people," declares Dr. Domingo Mendez Capote, once Vice-President of Cuba and head of the revolutionary delegation in the United States. "He has set himself up as a dictator, and sapped the land of its vitality. The constitutional rights of the people have long since been abolished. Our universities have been closed for more than a year. Many of our newspapers have been closed. The prisons are filled with our college and high-school professors, and the lecture rooms are empty."

Demands of the revolutionary junta are:

"Return to the original constitution of 1901.
"Reorganization of political parties.
"New census.
"Complete freedom of the press and speech with full guaranties.
"New elections.
"Immediate resignation of Machado."

THE fact that sugar is selling for but two cents a pound, instead of twenty-two, as formerly, is seen by many observers as the chief cause of the uprising. And they point out that no matter who was President, the same economic hardships would prevail. But it also is admitted that much of the unrest is due to the administration of Machado. An analysis of what ails Cuba is provided by Lawrence Stafford, writing in *Barron's*, financial weekly. He says:

"In Cuba, as elsewhere, a severely distrest economic situation adds fuel to political discontent. In good times as well as bad, however, Cuba faces grave political difficulties. When a revolution broke out in 1917 against President Menocal, for instance, the political causes of the trouble were in many ways analogous to the present situation, yet the country was then far from suffering in a business way as much as now. This leads one to think that the present trouble is at least as much political as economic.

"The undoubted unconstitutionality of Machado's self-extended tenure of office is the target for oppositionist 'politicos.' The undoubted repressions used by the President to maintain himself against that opposition makes him and his Government the object of the animosity of practically every one in Cuba who is not supported by Machado or not a foreign resident. Strangely enough one finds that altho the Chadbourne plan of sugar control has a vital bearing on the country's economic

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welfare, it is not now a major political issue. The issue is Machado, and the demand is that he go."

But strong as this demand is, adds Mr. Stafford, "Machado will not abandon office as a result of any armed military campaign," because the Federal Army is "well-trained, well-armed, and loyal." Furthermore, "it is a favored class." Consequently, "the real danger to Cuban political stability is that the diminution in public-revenue receipts will force a curtailment in either the size or the pay of the Army and police force."

Mr. Stafford also tells us that—

"Americans have a pecuniary as well as an altruistic concern that Cuba be not subjected to armed internal strife, for direct investments of Americans in various business enterprises of the island amount to over $900,000,000, and are the largest of such

HERE IT IS — SHALL I SHOVEL IT IN FOR YOU?
WELL, I DIDN'T ORDER IT.
THE INDUSTRY
THE BITUMINOUS SITUATION
GOVERNMENT OPERATION
Evans

Right at His Front Door

—Evans in the Columbus "Dispatch."

investments in any country except Canada. United States citizens also hold some $125,000,000 of Cuban Government securities.

"It is therefore a relief to know that Cuba is unlikely to have a revolution at least in the near future, even tho the United States Government has the right under the Platt Amendment to intervene to preserve order. That right would undoubtedly be exercised if occasion arose, but the damage might be considerable, nevertheless.

"In this connection the evident policy of the Washington Government under the Platt Amendment is outlined. The various provisions of that Amendment would give the United States the right to step in under present conditions, but to do so would indicate application of the so-called 'preventive' interpretation of the Amendment, or intervention before revolution to ameliorate conditions that unchecked would lead to revolt.

"Our Government is applying the 'non-preventive' interpretation. Washington takes the attitude that the unconstitutionality of the extension of Machado's term of office is none of its business, and it further heeds the practical difficulty of attempting to displace the present Government in such trying economic times. There is the further practical consideration that there is little real constructive unanimity among the members of the opposition, little possibility that they would cooperate to preserve a government any better than the present, if they succeeded to power by force."

"There is no reason for the United States to get into the Cuban fuss—and every reason to keep out," says the Camden *Courier-Post*, and with that statement the great majority of American editors seem to agree.

King Coal Cries for the Doctor

King Coal lies sickabed—the "sickest" basic industry in the country, assert some observers.

So sick, in fact, that his Pittsburgh "fiddlers," as *The Post-Gazette* of that city names certain operators, have prescribed the desperate remedy of asking the Federal Government to regulate the coal industry as a public utility.

This radical remedy has been proposed, according to the Pittsburgh *Sun Telegraph* in an exclusive article, by J. D. A. Morrow, President of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, "the largest commercial soft-coal concern in the world," and, incidentally, controlled by Secretary of Treasury Mellon and members of his family.

"Two or three years ago," says one operator quoted by the Pittsburgh daily, "if any one had proposed government regulation to the operators, it would have thrown them into a rage, and they would have denounced it as Bolshevism.

"Now they are inclined to welcome it as the only way out. They see nothing ahead of them, as things stand now, but the loss of their properties through their inability to sell coal at a profit."

This proposal to rescue the coal industry from chaos by setting up Uncle Sam in the coal business fails to impress many editors, be they liberal or stand-pat. The Scripps-Howard Washington *News* points out:

"The coal industry is demoralized, and conditions have been getting worse rather than better. Cutthroat competition, anti-labor policies, overproduction, use of coal substitutes, and other factors have combined to wipe out dividends and throw an army of miners out of work. Conditions among miners, who have been denied civil liberties and reduced to a starvation level, are a national disgrace and menace.

"It has seemed probable for some time that government intervention of some sort finally would be necessary to end this chaos in a basic and essential industry. We must have coal, and after all, men idle through no fault of their own can not be permitted to starve.

"As for the Government's taking over the coal mines, this would involve the purchases of coal lands, and the operation of such mines as are needed, as some operators now suggest. This may eventually become necessary as a last resort. But if the coal barons think that, having made a failure of the business, they can dump the mess on the Government's doorstep and walk off with the public's dollars jingling in their pockets, they are mistaken."

Conservative financial papers like the Boston *News Bureau* and the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* likewise disapprove of the proposal, the former insisting that "this is not so great a step from Federal purchase of crop surpluses, of which practise we've had a surfeit." The Chicago financial daily describes the new proposal as a "dole for coal," and adds:

"Regulation alone is not to their taste; they want regulation plus pabulum.

"The Government should establish a national coal domain; it should buy mines and shut them (of course, these would be the high-cost mines, tho the fact is not stated in the reports); by shutting the mines the Government would enhance the price of coal and also conserve the supply. If oil conservation, why not coal conservation? And for a mere $25,000,000 the Government could purchase so many mines in western Pennsylvania that, these having been shut down, the remainder would be enabled to operate profitably.

"But what about Ohio? and West Virginia? and Indiana? and Illinois? and Iowa? and Kansas? The $25,000,000 expenditure in western Pennsylvania would be considerably increased by the time the Government completed the purchase of enough surplus mines to satisfy the industry."

Modified approval for the cure of our "sickest" industry is exprest by the New York *Times*, which thinks that "it is at least encouraging that an industry which has experienced great misfortune should be prepared to consider a bold solution of its problems."

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How We Sow the Seeds of Crime

WHAT CAUSES CRIME in this country?

We have a crime commission—or we did have until the Wickersham Commission disbanded not long ago—but even if the commission feels compelled to admit its ignorance after all its study, one commissioner is willing to come right out and tell the American people that they are after all really responsible through their greed and their crime-fostering slums.

This is Col. Henry W. Anderson, the Virginia lawyer who attracted nation-wide attention with his Anderson plan for liquor control some months ago, and now by his challenging pronouncement on the causes of crime brings from the New York *World-Telegram* the editorial ejaculations: "What a blast!" "He has shot the works!" "We take off our hat to him!" Colonel Anderson says in part:

"The American people acquired in its virgin state what is in many respects the most favored and fruitful area of the world's surface. They have existed as an independent people for only the short period of 150 years. Within this time they have destroyed the original occupants of the soil, or driven them from their lands with little regard for their rights.

"They have converted substantially all of this great area, with its immense natural resources, from public into private ownership.

"They have exploited these resources for private gain to an extent which, in some instances, at least, already threatens exhaustion.

"They have created the widest spread between the extremes of wealth and poverty existing in the Western world.

"They have developed degrading slums in the cities and ignorant, underprivileged areas in the rural districts, which stand as menaces to social health and dangers of social order.

"They have created the largest body of laws and the most complex system of government now in existence as restraints and controls upon individual and social conduct, but every stage in their development has been characterized by a large and ever-increasing degree of lawlessness and crime."

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That's Just It, What Are We Going to Do About It?

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

Colonel Anderson advocates "prompt and effective action to remove slums in our cities . . . to make environment a source of encouragement instead of irritation against and antagonism to the social organization." Furthermore, "there should be a thorough and courageous reexamination of the principles and structure of our social, political, legal, and economic systems."

When Colonel Anderson's home-town paper, the Richmond *News Leader*, calls his dissenting report on the causes of crime "well-bottomed in fact, well-reasoned, and well-written," it speaks for a number of newspapers, altho the New York *Herald Tribune* calls Colonel Anderson's remedies "fantastic," and denies his contention that "the major responsibility for crime is a social, as distinguished from an individual, responsibility."

THE fact that the Wickersham Commission reported on "Causes of Crime" in a quarter of a million words, filling two heavy volumes, only to conclude that "it is impossible comprehensibly to discuss the cause of crime or the factors in non-observance of law," brings from a number of editors scathing remarks about "futility." But the Washington *Post* thinks "the commission can hardly be criticized for not devising a remedy for the basic weaknesses of humanity."

Uncle Sam's Poison-Gas Trick

KILLING A REGIMENT OF MEN as if they were a swarm of flies is revealed as a new war trick which our genial Uncle Sam has mastered.

It is "a system of wiping out entire regiments and populations by means of spraying mustard-gas—the most deadly weapon yet devised for modern war—from airplanes," explains a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. Hitherto the problem has been to spray the gas without killing the aviator.

"Despite American protestations and pledges against the use of poison gas made during the Washington Arms Conference," we are told, the Army Air Corps and the Chemical Warfare Service have developed the system after tests covering three years at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland.

"As now being used," the correspondent adds, "the gas is sprayed from planes in liquid form, but upon striking the air quickly vaporizes, forming a gaseous substance that penetrates the lungs and clothing with ease." Experiments also are being carried on to devise "a means of protecting troops on the ground from mustard-gas rained on them from the clouds." Reading on:

"Maj.-Gen. Harry L. Gilchrist, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, justified his experiments by saying that it is not the intention of this country ever to use the gas against cities, but rather to confine its operation to the actual fighting front.

"He maintained that its effectiveness in cities would be virtually negligible, due to the protection of buildings, whereas in the open battle-field it could be sprayed down upon combatant troops with deadly effect."

As to the ethics of the experiments, "some difference of opinion appears to exist in the State and War Departments," and—

"Altho the United States was one of the nations which enthusiastically went on record against poison gas during the Washington Conference, this action was taken by resolution rather than by treaty, and four years later the Senate rejected a treaty, signed in Geneva by forty-seven nations, outlawing the use of poison gas. Altho the United States signed the pact, ratification was blocked by the lobbying of the American Legion and chemical interests."

"THIS is sickening news" to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, but it adds that an aroused American public will not allow the Senate's action in defeating the treaty outlawing poison gas to stand. Also, "another consoling reflection is that the more terrible man builds his engines of war the more peace-minded the world will become."

With the last statement the Hartford *Times* agrees, but it thinks that in addition to shuddering at the successful experiments with poison gas "one may welcome this effort to prove in peace-time the utmost of damage that can be wrought. The results may have something to do with making their actual use in war unnecessary, because the war will be less likely in the face of what awaits the participants." Reading on:

"There can be no harm in demonstrating to the world what the next war is to be like. It will have a salutary effect in keeping enthusiasm for carnage at a lower pitch. . . .

"War and 'schrecklichkeit' having become synonymous, let us know all there is to learn about it during times of peace. The latter will gain in preciousness."

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A Kansas Judge Teaches Manhattan How

HE HAD "BEATEN THE RAP" twenty-four out of twenty-five times.

But "Legs" Diamond was stunned as he heard his doom pronounced by Federal Judge Richard J. Hopkins of Topeka, Kansas, sitting as a "guest" jurist, during the vacation season, in the Federal District Court of the southern district of New York.

That sentence came from stern, relentless, law-abiding, Methodist lips:

"The judgment of the court will be, John Diamond, that you be imprisoned in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, on the first count (charging conspiracy to violate the Prohibition Law) for two years, and be fined in the sum of $10,000, and on the second count of the indictment, two years to run consecutively, and a fine of $1,000."

At last "Legs" had received the maximum sentence.

The almost bloodless face of the "bullet-riddled remnant" of gang warfare, writes Joseph Driscoll in the New York *Herald Tribune*, grew paler still. "His mobile mouth . . . reflected a bitterness toward the judge which he dared not speak. He turned and walked a bit unsteadily back to his seat." And then Judge Hopkins added:

"I would be remiss in my duty if I did not suggest to the District Attorney that evidence showing possession, transportation, and sale in violation of the Jones Act be laid before the grand jury.

"The defendants (Diamond and Quottrocchi), if convicted of crimes brought to light through the evidence in this case, would be liable to far greater punishment than that possible on the conspiracy count. They might be sentenced to thirty or forty years."

Because of the striking contrast between the figures of the judge and the convicted criminal, editors from coast to coast are rejoicing in this conviction.

The mysterious immunity from the law enjoyed by the former Brooklyn hoodlum, who seemed equally impervious to the bullets of his enemies, is ended at last. Diamond, the metropolitan press informs us, has been arrested twenty-five times, but escaped conviction on all the other charges.

Judge Hopkins emerges as the real hero of this court drama. Appointed less than two years ago to the United States District Court of Kansas, Judge Hopkins is an ardent Prohibitionist, press accounts inform us, and a former committeeman of the Anti-Saloon League.

Acme

He Gave "Legs" the Limit

Judge Richard J. Hopkins of Topeka, Kansas.

EVEN the sophisticated and apparently "wet" New York *Evening Post* expresses admiration for the Kansan jurist's verdict in the Diamond case:

"New York has sometimes taken delight in poking fun at Kansas, but the Sunflower State is revenged.

"In imposing a sentence of four years in the Atlanta penitentiary and a fine of $11,000 Judge Hopkins has set an example for all judges, Federal or State, who are called upon to mete out justice to offenders of the Diamond stripe."

And the liberal Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram* of New York points out the nation-wide significance of Judge Hopkins:

"If all judges, prosecutors, and juries did as this Judge, prosecutor, and jury have done in the Diamond case, the insult of racketeering would diminish in this country. Until they do, the insult will go on—murder, blackmail, corruption of law agencies will continue.

"The first bulwark of law and plain honesty and national self-respect is the judiciary. The weakness of the Judge weakens, the strength of the Judge strengthens all the law agencies beneath him.

"Fresh from the prairies of Kansas, where people go more directly about the business of justice, Federal Judge Hopkins has pointed the indispensable way for New York's judges.

"It is a way which, if generally followed, would hearten the police and also the public, and go far toward freeing this city from the insult of gangsters."

SOUGHT out by reporters for an interview, not long after the Diamond-Quottrocchi trial, Judge Hopkins spoke pertinently and colloquially of New York City. As reported in *The Herald Tribune:*

"I am reminded of the long, lanky Arkansas dog sitting on an ant-hill, howling with pain while he is bitten by ants, but so indifferent that he does not remove himself from the ant-hill.

"New York is to-day reaping the whirlwind of her own sowing, and while she howls and wails about racketeers and gangsters, she still sits on her ant-hill and continues to violate with impunity many of the laws on the statute books."

In a written statement prepared for the press, Judge Hopkins expanded his views on law observance:

"The honest and law-abiding citizens of this city should arouse themselves, organize, select their leaders and never stop in their endeavors until crime and debauchery have been driven from the city's midst.

"The so-called 'speak-easy' which, like the old saloon, is a breeding-place of debauchery and crime, the congregating-place of racketeers and gangsters, should be driven out.

"Men and women who consider themselves respectable should realize that patronizing such places is encouraging and helping to continue the lawless system with which the city seems infested."

On the other hand, the "wet" *Herald Tribune* denies the salutary influence of the conviction of "Legs" Diamond:

"Since the conviction the rivers of beer have been flowing no less plentifully through thousands of speak-easies; the murderous gangs which maintain the flow are not reported as having disbanded, while against the vast background of lawbreaking of all sorts, created or fostered by Prohibition, the conviction and sentencing of Mr. Diamond does not, somehow, bulk very large.

"The informed even remark that Diamond is merely a small-time operator destroyed by an undeserved publicity, his eminence an accidental one, and his downfall of small consequence."

TALL, lean, and kindly at fifty-eight, Judge Hopkins is described in the New York *Evening Post* as a native of Missouri. *The Herald Tribune* admits that he has been "good copy" during his five weeks in New York filling in for resident judges on vacation: "Assuming the rôle of a prophet crying in the wet wilderness of the metropolis, he has asserted several times the duty of right-thinking citizens to obey all laws, not excluding Volstead's."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

AFTER all, perhaps evolution isn't true in Tennessee.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

A PESSIMIST is anybody who knows what's going on.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix, Ariz.).*

A DEPRESSION is a period when people do without things their parents never had.—*Minneapolis Star.*

THE kind of fellow who once thought the world owed him a living now thinks it owes him a ride.—*Hartford Times.*

THE experience this summer will probably inspire both political parties to include in their platforms next year a blistering, scathing denunciation of the Nebraska grasshopper.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

IT has just about gotten so that an oil well is progressing nicely when it turns out to be a dry hole.—*Dallas News.*

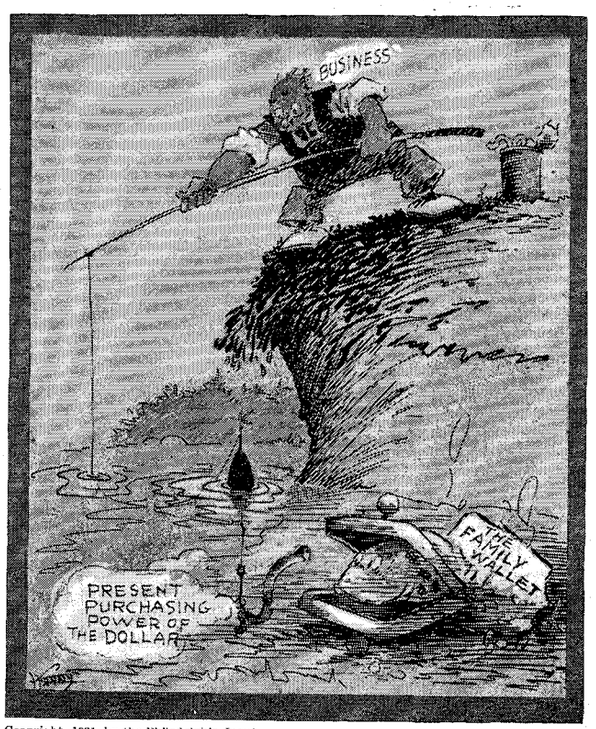
IT is more blessed to give than to receive, and if you don't believe it, look at the present positions of Fall and Doheny.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

A NEW YORK judge rules that a novel published recently is not obscene. The publishers are expected to appeal the case.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

PRESIDENT HOOVER is studying the question of permanent unemployment. He will have first-hand knowledge after March 4, 1933.—*Lynchburg News.*

IF the railroads cut rates, they'll lose business, and if they don't, they'll lose money, both of which amount to about the same thing.—*Portland Evening Express.*

THERE are said to be radios in a third of the homes in America. And all the two-thirds have to do is to stick their heads out of the window.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*



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He Can't Resist Forever

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

THE trouble with the world when it was flying high was that it gave no thought to the landing problem.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

ABOUT all there is to the political situation is that prosperity will have to come back before Mr. Hoover can.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

IF you wish to test the boasted tolerance of this age, try appearing among the pajama-clad in a nightshirt.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

RADIO never will be wholly satisfactory to the listener until he can turn off unpopular programs with a click that will be heard in the studio.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FIGURES with accented bust will be featured in the new fashions, says a Paris news item. Here is one place where the depression is over.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

THE European situation is extremely complicated, but fortunately it is a great deal simpler than the official diplomatic explanations of it.—*San Diego Union.*

IT is expected before the year is up, some one will have invented a bridge-bidding system that tells partner your business phone number and your wife's maiden name.—*Detroit News.*

THE wife of an American archeologist, renowned for his researches in Mongolia, has obtained a divorce on the ground that his prolonged absences amounted to desertion. It is a moving thought that among the martyrs of science must be recognized the pathetic figure of the fossil-widow.—*Punch.*

PROSPERITY, perhaps, has booked return passage to this country on the *Do-X.*—*Arkansas Gazette.*

UNCLE SAM'S foreign relations nowadays, it appears, are nearly all poor relations.—*Weston Leader.*

DEPRESSION is a detour into the by-ways that should teach a lot of people how the other half live.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

IF nations weren't spending so much money on the next war they could easily pay for the last one.—*Thomaston Times.*

DON'T try to kid us any longer about that opportunity-knocks-but-once stuff. We've had at least a dozen opportunities during the past eighteen months to buy stocks at record lows.—*The New Yorker.*

As we understand it, things got bad for Germany when she couldn't borrow money to pay her debts.—*Dallas News.*

As a matter of fact, the man who lives within his income never gets as much credit as the man who doesn't.—*Louisville Times.*

MR. GANDHI, we read, wants a Prohibition law for India. We know where he can get one that is only very slightly used.—*Nashville Banner.*

POMONA, CALIFORNIA, men swap wives.—News item. This depression certainly is producing a wonderful crop of optimists.—*Thomaston Times.*

THE Germans have named their 1931 wine vintage after Hoover. On the assumption, perhaps, that it has a kick, tho it may look weak.—*Jackson News.*

IN Genoa, the other day, somebody threw a bomb and missed the King of Italy by three hours. This is the first time anybody has missed the king since Mussolini took office.—*San Diego Union.*

THE chief European question is how long it is necessary to punish the children for the sins of the fathers.—*West Palm Beach Post.*

A PEACEFUL revolution in South America is one where they merely decide to quit paying interest on their bonds.—*Sacramento Bee.*

IF this keeps up, we shall soon have to have some stars over the Atlantic that turn red and green at intervals.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

IT has been observed that usually when a fellow can no longer afford to take his girl around and show her a good time, he marries her.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

"PROSPERITY does not happen, it must be made," says Filene, merchant. Then why not manufacture a little? There is certainly plenty of demand.—*Wichita Eagle.*

A WELL-KNOWN sociologist says that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a beautiful woman or a great problem. Why not choose the former and get both?—*Punch.*

A CALIFORNIAN has been refused a bonus loan because records show he was killed at Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel and also died once in Texas. Apparently some one is unaware of California's revivifying climate.—*Life.*

ALL right-thinking people will stand behind the President in his two new policies: rigid economy in all departments of the Government and a colossal building program to help employment. We might have them on alternate days.—*The New Yorker.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The Call for a Cut in German Reparations

GERMAN CLAMOR against the reparations imposed by the Treaty of Versailles has increased in volume almost since the hour when Germany's representatives signed that historic document.

The constant cry of the German press since January, 1931, has been that this is the "year of revision." Now, the International Bankers' Committee, headed by Albert H. Wiggin of New York, and representing the ten most powerful banking nations in the world, issues a call for revision of the whole scheme of war-debt and reparations payments as an essential preliminary to restoration of German and world economic prosperity.

The report, we learn further from Basel (Switzerland) press cables, assails reparations payments as an immense obstacle to the peaceful, economic progress of nations, and summons the Governments concerned to "lose no time" in making revision.

As one American correspondent points out, tho the report carefully avoids suggesting revision of the Young plan, members of the committee favorable to such a policy hold that their report goes as close to this as the committee's scope permits. Also, they are said to stress the fact that the French signed the report, and express great satisfaction that "this is the first time since the war that such conclusions have been reached unanimously."

One French View

The scarecrow frightens the peace dove.
—"La Victoire" (Paris).

A poll of the European press by cable to THE LITERARY DIGEST indicates repeatedly the belief that the remedy for Germany's financial difficulties is a solution of the reparations problem "on a realistic basis." "A new reparations settlement is necessary," flatly declares the Manchester *Guardian*, which adds:

"The report in effect is an open letter to politicians, urging them to do their part. On the action of the Governments depends the fate of Germany."

In France, the Paris *Midi* says:

"The report is for the Germans a bomb against the Young plan. From to-day on there is a new international reparations debts conference looming on the horizon."

CROSSING into Germany, the DIGEST cabled poll reveals the Berlin *Boersen Courrier* as of this mind:

"It can not be claimed that the result is satisfactory because Basel drafted only a theoretical program. The ball the London conference threw to the experts has not been returned. . . .

Nevertheless, the experts' report is of enormous importance, because it is the first time an international body has confirmed Germany's claim that the reparations are too heavy to permit economic life. Germany would like to return to normalcy."

Dubiously impressed is the *Vossische Zeitung* which remarks that "politicians again have the floor, but they must hurry, because if Germany is unable this semester to regain the confidence abroad of the man in the street, the consequences can not be predicted."

Rather cynical is the *Allgemeine Zeitung* which summarizes the report as advice "to help yourself, then others, perhaps, will be able to help you." After the bitter experience of the past, it adds, "we are most skeptical as to whether the appeal to the Governments will have political consequences." This newspaper then declares that the German view-point will have the most important result of "warning the Governments that no time must be lost," and this is said to be also applicable to Germany.

Various German editors feel that the report necessitates further reduction of wages and lower standards of living in Germany, in order to increase exports with which to pay foreign debts. This leads *Germania*, so-called personal organ of Chancellor Bruening, to observe:

"Thus Germany is to become a larger competitor in foreign markets while her own capacity to absorb foreign products is further diminished. These unavoidable consequences Germany and foreign countries will feel."

SPEAKING of the "veiled" recommendation for revision among the Italian press, both the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Popolo d'Italia*—an organ of Premier Mussolini—observe as follows:

"This conclusion has already brought much favorable comment. It is recalled here that the bankers' report coincides essentially with the ideas Mussolini already indicated several years ago for the solution of the reparations-debts problem.

"It also parallels many of Mussolini's statements in his memorable speech to the Senate on the world-economic situation, and also condenses Il Duce's viewpoint exprest in Rome during the recent visit of the German Chancellor."

Further cables to THE DIGEST, reporting British and French opinion, afford first this verdict of the London *Times:*

"The significance of the Wiggin report lies rather in its implications and omissions than in any new positive proposals. However, the conclusions show with unmistakable clearness that no solution to Germany's financial difficulties is possible unless the fundamental problem of reparations is settled on a realistic basis.

"Germany has no option but to embark upon a drastic policy of reducing imports and increasing exports. Therefore there is urgent need for immediate action by the Governments to restore confidence in Germany.

"The remaining months of the Hoover year seem scarcely sufficient in which to do this satisfactorily, but if it should be practicable to prolong the moratorium, it might then be possible to arrive at a settlement economically feasible and politically acceptable."

Says the London *Morning Post:*

"Undoubtedly it is coming to be recognized that the reconstruction of Europe must first concern statesmanship, and the will to enter into the necessary cooperation exists. But such cooperation, to be fruitful, demands initially cordial Anglo-French cooperation from which the general easing of the European crisis should proceed."

As an indication of French discontent with the report, we may cite the criticism of the Paris *Temps* that the experts did not pay enough attention to Germany's internal finances, and this newspaper goes on:

"There is another cause which lies at the root of the situation. It is the financial disorder which prevails within Germany. The best advice to Germany would be to put her house in order, thereby restoring within and without the confidence which is the first condition for a lasting reform. That is what France did five years ago.

"The best feature of the report gives Germany a respite during

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which she should reorganize the financial relations between the Reich States and Communes, ending prodigality."

Germany deliberately disorganized her finances, charges the *Journal des Débats* "for the express purpose of rendering foreign payments difficult." Not much hope brightens the view of the *Journée Industrielle*, a business organ, which thinks:

"It is useless to ask how Germany will repay the credits which it is proposed to postpone for six months. If Germany institutes wise interior reforms, perhaps international confidence will be restored."

"Fleecing on such a grand scale is without precedent in history" is the caustic utterance of the Paris *Figaro*, which believes "it is difficult which to admire most—the absence of scruple on the part of the borrowers or the inconceivable naïveté of the loaners."

A Tokyo cable to THE DIGEST quotes a Japanese view.

Editors of the Osaka *Mainichi* are reported to have said:

"Our attitude is liberal. We feel that if all concerned agree to a reduction or cancelation, Japan ought to do likewise. We have always believed that a sensible reduction is the most certain remedy for world economics."

Transjordan—Land of Eternal Warfare

"SUDDENLY SHOTS ARE HEARD in the night."

The scene is Amman, capital of Transjordan. It may be revolution. It may be an attack by the Wahabis in "the land of eternal warfare."

But no. To-night the shots are fired into the ceiling of a moving-picture theater as a sign of the delight of the audience in a picture from a Hollywood lot.

Territory mandated to Great Britain, Transjordan's post-war prominence is said to be due largely to the fact that it is an important link in the overland route from Europe to India. Also it is reputed to hold a wealth of archeological as well as anthropological material which is yet to be uncovered.

It is governed by a local Arab administration under His Highness the Emir Abdullah Ibn Hussein. There is also a British resident, agent of the High Commissioner of Palestine and of Transjordan.

Lying between Palestine and the kingdom of the famous Wahabi chieftain, Ibn Saud, the numerous political problems Transjordan faces are said to put it in the first rank of the restless regions of the Near East. Thus, M. Y. Ben-Gavriel tells us in the Leipzig *Illustrirte Zeitung:*

"To say nothing of the continuous internal strife which is waged among the various Bedouin races, the real danger comes from the vast desert where the Wahabis wait, and again and again make devastating attacks upon the foes of their king. It is for this reason that one may justly speak of Transjordan as being a land of eternal warfare.

"Also contrasts are everywhere evident. Most plainly are they seen in the capital, Amman, which before the war was a small Circassian settlement. To-day, hundreds of gramophones howl in the bazaar. To-day its ruler's palace stands on a desert mound topping the city, and it has a Parliament made up of fifteen representatives, the greater number of whom can read and write. Then there is a police force which in some respects is almost European.

"If, for example, the merchants organize a demonstration because the police do not catch the thieves in the bazaar, 200 of the demonstrators are quickly arrested, and 50 summarily found guilty because—well, because, the police feel insulted.

"Another case is typical. When, some time ago, the opposition to the Emir became almost general throughout the country, he simply forbade the printing of all newspapers. Only one remained, the official newspaper. Since no more attacks appeared against him in the press, because of its suppression, he withdrew his financial support from the official paper which, quite naturally, soon ceased publication.

"A stroll through the capital at night might be described in this fashion: a few Bedouins, naturally strongly armed, a policeman with his gun thrown over his saddle, two drunken flyers, a jackal-like dog, a huge lamp, and a squawking gramophone—and this is the main street of Amman.

"Then the Roman amphitheater, hewn out of stone in mighty grandeur, reflecting white light, the moon over all, and a little house with an unreadable sign.

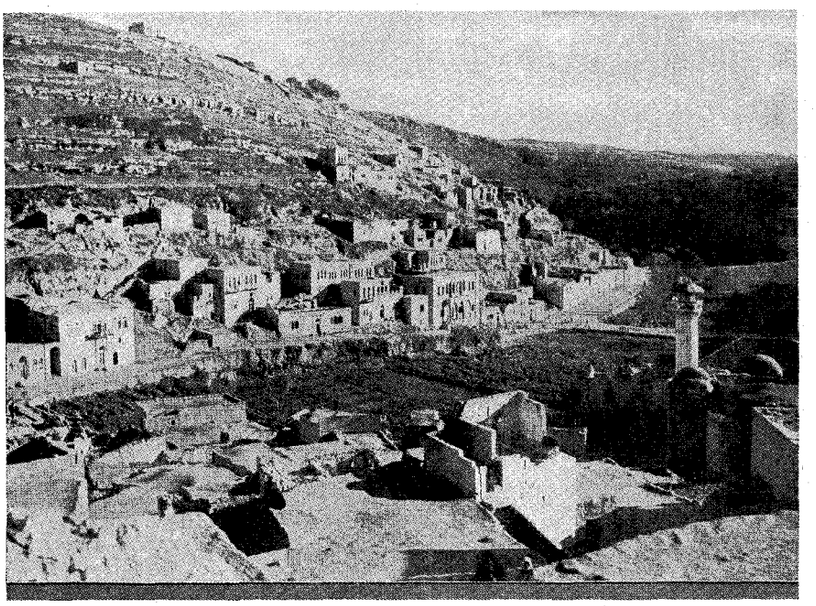
"In this house there lives the English official who directs Bedouin politics, and who had been caught at it a number of times. Two flags hang heavily down from their standards, the flag of England and the black-white-green of Transjordan with a red triangle under a star. Below are two cannon.

"Suddenly shots are heard in the night. Revolution? An attack by the Wahabis?

"No. It is the cinema of Amman! The public is delighted, and how can it better express its delight over Pola Negri than by firing a few shots into the ceiling?

"Dark shadows lurk about the bazaar. Delicate scents from the Thousand and One Nights. A solitary creature slinks past. The romantic folds of his garments cover a tin sign which he carries under his arm. I direct my pocket-light toward it, and read in Arabic and Hebrew that Singer's sewing machines are better than all others.

"To-morrow this sign will grace the hall of his master. And somewhere, only a few hours distant, are the Wahabis, the great and cruel fanatics of true Islam."



From the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig)

Town of Es-Salt in Transjordan's Hill Country

Important link in the overland route from Europe to India, Transjordan is said to contain a wealth of buried archeological material.

NIGHT passes. On the morrow the blood-red sun rises again above Amman, capital of this new eight-year-old country, which is "not quite 100 per cent. free," and this informant adds:

"Nowhere have I seen locks so secure as those of the English General Resident in Amman. A stone's throw away is the palace of Emir Abdullah of the family of the Scherifs of Mekka.

"In front of the palace there are also two cannon. Heart-breakingly a gramophone sings in front of a Bedouin hut. The most popular brand is known as 'His Master's Noise.' In other parts of the world it is known as 'His Master's Voice.'"

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A German Close-Up of Bruening

HOSTILE HANDS AND FRIENDLY alike in Germany furnish word portraits of Chancellor Bruening. Those that admire the man, described by one of his opponents as "the greatest Chancellor since Bismarck," are reported to outnumber the adverse critics who rail at him as a "dictator."

But if Bismarck was "the Iron Chancellor," remarks an English correspondent, Dr. Bruening "will go down to history as the Chancellor of silence." Clean-shaven, bald, with bright blue eyes beaming kindly behind thick, rimless glasses, Bruening is noted variously as being at forty-six the youngest Prime Minister in Europe and also as "an ascetic who has strayed into the haunts of the politicians."

Yet even sympathetic analysts concede that no statesman of his high repute is so lacking in personal charm. He has none of the "vivid touches of selfhood," we are told, which give dramatic interest and appeal to what Premier MacDonald says or what Foreign Minister Briand says.

It is piquant to hear from a contributor to *Germania*, a Bruening organ, that the Chancellor is well aware that he is "not irresistible in manner, not exquisite in aspect, not handsome to see." Never did a statesman cherish less delusion respecting himself, says this writer, who assures us that Bruening is "too dispassionate, too subdued, to think of stunning the world."

Even those who respect and follow the man grow impatient of his monotonously colorless ways, and this writer continues:

"This irritating Bruening! The man who was and is so reserved that he has seemed at times positively haughty.

"This pallid ghost, peering vaguely about him—are there not still left in his Westphalian haunts many who have the gift of second sight? This individual who forever anticipated the worst, this teacher who set things forth in a fashion highly complicated just when it was indispensable to make them simple and clear, this personage forever thinking, so to speak, around the corner and in every crisis foreseeing a dozen possibilities of still further confusion, upheaval and chaos—oh, this gloomy Bruening!

"The worst of it is that he is often right!

"Normal office hours? No!

"Seek him at the office and you find him wandering about the town. In days now past when he was sought at the office often enough he would be in restaurants and cafés in company with all kinds of impossible people. This practise of associating with the human element has been maintained. In the past he learned from human contacts, and still he managed somehow to get a wonderful amount of work done.

"For wherever he might be at certain hours, at others he put in long periods at his desk, facing books, papers and records. Never then or since has he allowed the economic life of the world to elude him, be its manifestations what they may."

THE constant study of world affairs is said to explain Chancellor Bruening's capacity in any debate to dazzle his hearers with allusions to events in Australia or elsewhere to show how the people in those remote lands conduct themselves in circumstances comparable to those of Germany. This knowledge he gathers by sitting at his desk from the earliest morning hours until late at night, and we read:

"So people who want to find him at his office got into the habit of going there at the queerest hours. If you seek him at his rooms, there he will be seated with a cigar in his mouth. The quality of the cigar affords a key to the mood he is in.

"And what a listener he is! He is always the same courteous, patient listener, one who has mastered the subtle art of heeding what is said to him as few men can. Never does he interrupt the person addressing him. But when his turn comes to say a word, he speaks swiftly, surely."

Bruening, did not believe, and he does not now believe, that an administrator should erect a huge bureaucratic machine around him. He can leave details to trusted subordinates, but he knows how to manage these subordinates with a word or a nod.

No Immigrants Need Apply

MIGRATION WAS A MASTER FACT in Western civilization throughout the nineteenth century and until 1914.

But during the past decade it has been drastically limited in the entire world, notes the London *New Statesman and Nation*, and in 1931 it virtually ceased.

The principal facts of this remarkable reverse movement are gathered by this London weekly from the report of the British Overseas Settlement Committee.

"Not only the Dominions," says the report, "but all countries of immigration, including the United States, have, within the past year, taken special measures with a view to restricting immigration." So long as the world depression continues, no improvement can be expected, adds *The New Statesman and Nation*, and it proceeds:

"That is the plain fact, but it does not contain half the truth of a most important matter.

"The United States is engaged in the gigantic task of welding its chaotic elements into a national community. Whatever may happen as to a return of prosperity, the close restriction of immigration will continue. Less and less will the emerging American nation call upon the peoples of Europe for new citizens.

"The Australian democracy, again, is resolved upon the control of its population. Lord Northcliffe told the Australians that their continent ought to support an additional ten millions. Nothing in the near future is more certain than that Australia will not take one million of Britain's surplus population—or even a quarter of a million.

"As for Canada, there are two main facts to be kept in mind. The first is that, even in good times, the growing industrialization of the Dominion does not mean any material addition to immigration from Britain; and the second is that the rural West is now far advanced in a process of revolutionary change.

"Forty years ago the development of the prairie provinces was entered upon, with unbounded energy and confidence, because it was assumed that the empire of Wheat involved an advancing West in which a population of twenty millions, or thirty, did not seem an extravagant estimate. Wheat to-day spells something like ruin, while manifestly the huge mechanized farm of to-morrow can not be the unit of a populous prairie region.

"One undeniable conclusion is that the problem of British migration is a problem not for the mother country but for the Dominions. They will decide; they have already decided, and their immigration policy embodies a resolution which will not—at any rate for our generation—be changed."

America's "Darkest Hour"

REVOLUTION looms ahead in the United States, according to some foreign observers. Such gloomy foreboders are particularly imprest by a statement attributed to William Green, the President of the American Federation of Labor. He is reported to have said that a revolution in the United States in the near future is by no means an impossibility. Clearly, the London *Saturday Review* avers, this forecast deserves closer attention than it has received in Europe, and we are further told:

"Ever since the enactment of Prohibition there has been a growing disregard for law and order, and when to this is added unemployment and destitution on a large scale (it is said that there will be 12,000,000 unemployed in the United States by next year), it is obvious that a crisis of the first magnitude is at hand.

"There is no country in the world with such unruly elements in its population as the United States, and if once the Communists gain control of them the Russian Revolution will be child's play compared with what will inevitably follow.

"The North American has been prosperous for so long that he is likely to be driven mad by adversity. The real testing-time of the United States is at hand, and we shall all watch her carefully to see how she carries herself in her darkest hour."

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Mr. Parsons Isn't Bored

WHAT AN ENGLISH CRITIC thinks of the current New York plays is interesting in the light of what an American thought of the London theater.

Recall our article in the July 25 number on George Jean Nathan's strictures on the plays he saw in London, and compare his temper with Mr. Alan Parsons writing in the London *Daily Mail*.

Mr. Parsons is the husband of Iris Tree, who last season appeared here in plays by Ivor Novello.

He turned his back on London when Mr. Nathan, he says, "was just beginning to tell Londoners 'where they got off.'"

Arriving here he gathered from American theatrical papers that Mr. Nathan "found the London stage in an incomparably worse state than the New York, and that New York audiences are bright and intelligent while ours are dull and stuffy."

What does Mr. Parsons find?

"I would like to say, with regard to the state of the theater generally, that New York has had the worst theatrical season since 1914, and that of the seventy or more theaters on Broadway only fifteen are now open. London can do better than that.

"And then a word about those audiences. I saw no first nights, and I have always contended that first-night audiences are infinitely the most intelligent; but the audiences I did see were dreadful.

"'What can you expect in New York's hot weather?' you may ask. Not at all. All these American theaters are artificially cooled so efficiently that I found I was glad to escape into the street between the acts for a breath of nice, clammy, sweltering air.

"The late arrivals were far worse than in London, and pushed their way to their seats far more aggressively. Moreover, the patience with which these public pests were borne shows how much they are a feature of the New York theater."

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

"Broadway's Supreme Favorite"

They laugh and applaud when they hear Beatrice Lillie's voice off-stage.

MR. PARSONS saw eight plays, beginning with "Once in a Lifetime," which he calls "one of the funniest comedies I have ever enjoyed, and the most devastating lampoon on Hollywood and the talkies." More:

"The humor is 100 per cent. American, but unlike Mr. Nathan at the Aldwych, I was not for a moment bored and bewildered.

"The play was, as I say, entrancing, but the acting was a disappointment. No doubt it was hot on the stage, and the play in its eighth month, but the whole cast was tired, bored, and listless.

"Next night to 'The Green Pastures,' which was an incidental reason for my trip to New York. I have loved the play so much on reading and continually rereading it, that perhaps I was bound to be disappointed.

"And here, once again—after all, the play has been running nearly two years—the Negro actors seemed to be walking through it mechanically, and their singing had none of the fervor of true spiritual singing.

"The scenery was literally crumbling to pieces; the intervals between the scenes were spoilt by the clumsy, casual, callous dropping of the curtain; and the exquisitely lovely end was hurried and spoilt. Yet, even so, it was a great emotional experience which I shall not easily forget."

AND then the Ziegfeld Follies:

"I wish, honestly and sincerely, that I could re-echo the praise of the New York critics, but I was shocked and stunned by the prodigal vulgarity of this mammoth production.

"Mr. Ziegfeld's 'subtitle' is 'Glorifying the American Girl.'

"So long as he sticks to that he is on safe, familiar ground. Indeed, you could not ask anything more lovely than these supremely beautiful Follies Girls, exquisitely tall and fair (for on the New York stage great height is rightly admired).

"They pass and repass across the stage in a variety of dress and undress, moving with the careless, almost insolent walk of the thoroughbred race-horse—only with this difference, that the race-horse has every appearance of sagacity, while not the tiniest, dimmest twinkling of an idea ever ruffles the placid surface of those lovely faces.

"Not a glimmer of wit in the sketches, nothing approaching a tune, just a crashing, deafening din, thousands and thousands of dollars spent to no purpose, and a troupe of dancers that just hurls sex appeal in indigestible chunks across the footlights.

"The 'high spot' of the entertainment is when five vast elephants, so lifelike that a distinguished critic has made a butt of himself by being deceived by them, laboriously propelled by stage-hands from behind, slowly advance down stage, each carrying a nude Follies girl curled up most uncomfortably on its curved tusks.

"This is so startlingly novel to a Londoner that I could not but be imprest, but I would have given much to have seen the preparations for it, for I am told that the girls, very decorously clad, are carried up stepladders by stage-hands and that when they are safely deposited on their ivory fastnesses, they fling down their wrappings to their maids far below. That strikes me as quite exquisitely funny."

THE visitor saw and approved "The Band Wagon"—classed with "League of Notions"—as the best he ever saw; "As Husbands Go" and "Precedent"—"both interesting in their way, but no good for London." Then an old London favorite:

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"My last adventure on Broadway was to see Broadway's supreme favorite, our own Miss Beatrice Lillie.

"How they love her there! They laugh and applaud when they hear her voice off the stage, they greet every little characteristic gesture and intonation with howls of delight, they can never let her go. . . .

"With her is our old friend, Mr. Ernest Truex, as gay and debonair as ever.

"And so my brief spell of playgoing in New York has come to an end, and, in spite of anything Mr. George Jean Nathan may have to say, I think London may keep its spirits up."

Summing up:

"One thing, however, did strike me rather forcibly. I think that in London we worry too much about the acting and too little about the play. By that I mean that the 'star' business is kept in far more discreet control in New York, where as much attention is paid to the playing of the most trivial rôles as to the chief actor.

"A lot of the acting I saw was, as I have said, limp, but, even so, the general team-work was far better than it usually is in London.

"And now, with infinite reluctance, I have turned my back on the skyline of this strangely vital and magnetic New York. But I shall surely return, for I am so caught up by the charm of it that I can never tear myself wholly away.

"Au revoir, dear, friendly, fascinating, fairy city."

Borrowing Germany's Art Possessions

A SYNDICATE of French art dealers is reported in a dispatch to the New York *Times* as offering Germany a loan of $40,000,000 on the security of the old masters now in German museums.

The proposal is not popular in Germany, for reasons pointed out in the Art Supplement of the Chicago *Evening Post:*

"The whole idea is scouted as preposterous and impracticable, even as a cold business proposition, because of both legal and economic obstacles.

"What rankles most deeply, however, is that the national monetary need should be taken advantage of for laying hands on German cultural treasures that money can not buy. What is resented most fiercely is the condition that the masterpieces, when pledged, would be transported to Paris, to be on view there until the loan was repaid.

"It is asserted that, with the Reich so poor, once its Rafaels and Durers, its Michelangelos, Hals, Holbeins, Rembrandts, Vermeers, Grecos, and Giottos were across the border, they would never come back.

"By some the French proposal of a loan is interpreted as masking an attempt at spoliation, even if originated only by private speculators, reviving in republican France to-day the Napoleonic trick of levying artistic tribute on conquered and helpless peoples.

"But even if German museums and private collectors were willing to give up highly prized possessions, it is pointed out, their acquiescence would be nugatory, since a law of the Reich forbids exportation of its principal art treasures."

The Cover

THE picture on this week's cover has won two prizes for the artist. The model was a charming Bryn Mawr girl, and one of the most popular members of the young set at a summer resort on the shores of Lake Michigan where Jane Freeman was engaged in painting the portrait of the mother of a prominent Michigan family.

Portraiture is the branch of art that consumes most of Miss Freeman's time. In her studio, way up in the cupola of Carnegie Hall Tower, she quietly studies the moods of her sitters for, says she, "it is my purpose to make my people live for all time in their most favorable moods. Every one is beautiful if caught in the right mood, placed in a favorable light, and surrounded by complimentary color. I do not seek to express beauty at the expense of character, but through the emphasis of that which happens to be strong and beautiful and the subordination of features of lesser importance."

War Films: For and Against

SHOULD THE WAR FILM be considered as actual propaganda against war or publicity for war?

What value has it as pacifist propaganda?

These questions were sent out to a number of French intellectuals by *La Revue du Cinema* (Paris), being actuated thereto by "the lively and varied reactions which the large war films have evoked in different countries and on different publics."

Out of the number, Paul Morand is perhaps one of the names most familiar in America, through his frequent visits here and his brilliant book on "New York" He simply answers:

"When a war film is good, it can only create the desire to make war."

On the same premise, André Maurois reaches the opposite conclusion:

"I believe that war films are an excellent propaganda against war, providing they are true.

"War in itself is so ugly and so terrible that I do not believe it possible to see a representation of such life without wishing never to live it. The difficulty is not to give a war film the character of a great adventure, a characteristic which modern war does not have."

Doctor Allendy's reply is a subtle penetration of a soldier mind:

"I believe that films which show war even in its most atrocious aspects have the effect of making the public feel that war is inevitable, and accustoming them to the idea that they could take part in future military enterprises.

"If men have marched to war because they were ignorant of its horrors, such a representation would undoubtedly be of pacifist importance in destroying such singular illusions, but this does not seem reasonable to me."

MARCEL AYME draws conclusions from the reactions of the audience at a bull-fight, and fears the results of color developments on the film:

"It is difficult to appreciate the value of a war film as a means of pacifist propaganda since it deals with a particular aspect of a problem which will always be under discussion: Does a spectacle of evil inspire a horror or temptation?

"To speak of a temptation as regards to a war picture might appear to be a bad joke, but why should there not be temptation? Humanity has lost none of its bloody instincts. In bull-fights, the delirium of the crowd at the moment when the bull is killed is most suspicious, and it is quite probable that if the antique sports of the gladiators were exposed to the curiosity of civilized people, they would not lack many admirers.

"The intellectuals who are polite people are much occupied with that which they have to say to their public, and they have not the time to think of saving their neighbor. When they go to the cinema, they find that it is a good composition, and that the playing of the actors is admirable, and they think many profound thoughts, but many Frenchmen or Germans, or any one else that you please, may think differently. The day when a new technique will permit the showing of 'All Quiet on the Western Front' in color, the day when one will see blood run red, we may see crowds galvanized into action such as in the Roman circus, and beautiful women clapping their hands saying: 'Kill him!'

"Happily, the cinema to-day is nothing but an imperfect machine which does not address itself directly to the instinct, but appeals to the imagination. That is why, perhaps, war films have not a decisive chance of inspiring the horrors of war. In order to make it a pacifist propaganda, one would have to show the picture of life in the trenches and not that of death. The real pacifist propaganda film would show men tired with ennui, killing their lice, scraping the mud from their clothes, and looking at desolate plains in front of the trenches. Success would be complete if the audience fell asleep in their seats, but no one would have courage to go and see this."

Henri Barbusse was one of the first war fictionists, and he disparages war films because they can not show war causes:

"If one were to show war as it is, such films would undoubtedly

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be deterrent, but the question is: Can one show war in all of its actuality? I doubt it.

"All means employed to wage against war are inefficacious if one does not throw light on the profound causes of war. Since we have wars, many people say that war is barbaric, absurd, and abominable. Recriminations of this type do nothing against war, but, on the contrary, nullify serious attempt. Propaganda which attempts to inform the public on the evils of war can only be successful if it makes them realize that the question must be placed on a social plane. As long as the régime rests in the hands of the wealthy, war will be an inevitable consequence.

"War films have less of a pacifistic tendency than one might believe. They excite the nationalistic spirit and incite the spectator to the idea of vengeance and reprisals. We must look at them from this point of view.

"Remarque has said that the Americans made a film against Germany out of his book. If one showed war impartially as it is in all its reality, such films would never be passed by the censor."

ALBERT CREMIEUX believes that films are of no consequence either for or against:

"A war film has no more pacifist value than a war book. The book and the film can not show the war to those who have not been at war. If one really wanted to make a film against war, one would have to show a caricature of war."

Elie Faure, a famous art critic and historian, draws conclusions from the art of ages past rather than from the present infant:

"I do not think that war films, odious as the picture which they present may be, constitute useful propaganda for peace. Moreover, to my mind, they are useful propaganda for war.

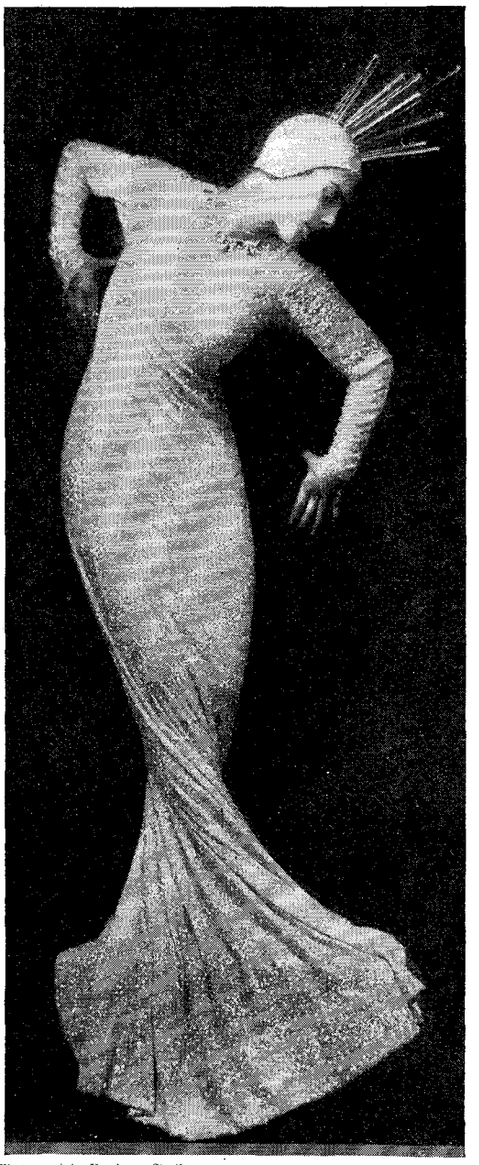
"The character of Aztec art, which showed bodies cut into pieces, Polynesian art, so cruel with its monstrous compositions, Hindu art, with its atrocious Kali bathing in the blood of his victims, the massacre of children which reddens the walls of the Italian crypts, the scenes of realistic carnage depicted by Tintoretto, Rubens, Callot, Goya, and Delacroix, none of these have abated the furor of our instincts.

"When man is capable of feeling the beauty of the work, he does not think for a second of the reason which gave it birth.

"The suppression of war is a task of instinct and not—or very little—of education, and not at all—oh! not at all of legislation. That is indeed felt at the present moment. No one dares any more to aggravate the monster, sleeping in the depths of its den. War is feared even by those who have never come in close contact with it, and whose imagination, it seems to me, as imprudent as useless to awaken. Moreover, this fear has nothing to do with the idea of death or even of suffering, but with the vague intuition of some stupid destruction of humanity itself by voluntary ruin."

Finally, Henry Torres finds an argument in past war experience

"'All Quiet on the Western Front,' which I consider is a superior film, constitutes an admirable propaganda against war; the best proof is that the Hitlerites and the Italians were opposed to it."



Photograph by Vandamm Studio

Tilly Losch

Famous dancer in "The Band Wagon."

The "Saturday Review" Revives

MARK TWAIN, IT WAS, who once said that reports of his death were "greatly exaggerated."

So it is with *The Saturday Review* (London) whose merging with the London *Spectator* was announced and called forth regretful farewells. It revives under a new organization.

An account of its career appears in the Springfield *Republican:*

"Celebrity descended on *The Saturday* in its earliest years; indeed, it seems to have been destined by the circumstances of its founding to a career of brilliance.

"Its founder was A. J. B. Beresford Hope, a brother-in-law of Lord Salisbury, and the son of Thomas Hope, a dilettante of the Byron period and author of the novel 'Anastatius.'

"Its first editor was Douglas Cook, reputed to be Beresford Hope's illegitimate half-brother. Beresford Hope was an aristocrat, a member of Parliament, an influential churchman and, like his father, a patron of art. Starting as an adherent of the reform wing of the Tory party, *The Saturday Review* soon veered to Orthodox Conservatism, and a Conservative journal it has remained.

"Like other English weekly reviews, *The Saturday* was never devoted exclusively to public affairs. From its earliest days it gave liberal space to literary and scholarly subjects. Since 1890 its literary position has rather overshadowed its political position, and its political comments have tended to exhibit brilliance for its own sake, rather than brilliance for political effectiveness. George Bernard Shaw was its dramatic critic in the early nineties, and after that for a time the paper was under the editorship of the American-born literary adventurer, Frank Harris."

So the old *Review* is not to be merged with the London *Spectator*, but lives to experience a second rebirth.

"Strangely enough, however, the real *Saturday* lives on under the name of *The Week-End Review*. In March, 1930, when it was understood that Lord Beaverbrook had obtained control of *The Saturday Review's* policy, the editor and practically the entire staff resigned and established *The Week-End Review* to carry on the tradition with which they had been associated.

"*The Saturday* survived a similar secession of its staff in 1861, but has not survived the secession of 1930.

"*The Week-End* has captured the place of the old *Saturday*, and *The Saturday Review* itself is to give up the ghost. If Lord Beaverbrook imagined that he could convert this paper into an effective agency of propaganda for his own personal brand of politics, he has been disillusioned.

"Perhaps the name of *The Week-End Review* is more suitable to the age. It embodies a modern phrase, which denotes the modern habit of Friday-to-Monday recreation. Yet *The Week-End Review* offers searching criticism from a moderate Conservative standpoint of political and social drift. The collapse of *The Saturday* leaves only three weekly reviews of the traditional type. Two of these, *The Spectator* and *The Week-End*, are Conservative and the third, *The New Statesman and Nation*, is Radical, the ndependently and critically so."

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Wine-Bibbing at Oxford

DRINKING IS THE CHIEF PASTIME of Oxford undergraduates, says one of them.

In fact, he writes, there is a more constant high level of intoxication in the famous English university town than in any other place in the world.

The charge is denied by another equally earnest undergraduate, and by a visiting writer, who characterizes it as "nonsense." He thinks the youth of to-day is more exemplary in its habits than it is willing to admit, that exaggerated opinion is often a cloak to virtue.

In any event, the argument over drinking in England's oldest university town furnishes some interesting discussion for Englishmen and others.

The sober-minded were rather startled to read in *Isis*, the Oxford undergraduates' journal, Lionel Hale's statement that the undergraduates drink out of habit, that "apart from Buenos Aires and the higher circles of Chicago, there is a more constant high level of intoxication in Oxford than anywhere else in the world." He explains:

"For Oxford is full of young men who for the first time in their lives have been released from the suspicious tutelage of wary and argus-eyed schoolmasters, and a sudden liberty is invariably the prelude to the most remarkable folly. But apart from all this, there is an extraordinary tradition of drink in this town—this 'gateway to heaven,' this 'city of the Muses,' this 'Mekka of learning.'

"The tradition is not conventionalized; the ways and means are legion.

"There are those who drink on Saturday evenings; there are those who drink after a long and arduous course of physical discipline (these are horrid); there are those who do not drink mildly all day. There are—as we have observed—those who do not drink at all.

"But these are a rare race, and they have to bear with all the equanimity at their command the curious stare of their more volatile contemporaries."

"IT is not true," replies the editor of *Cherwell*, another Oxford undergraduate journal. "There is less intoxication among townspeople and undergraduates to-day than ever there was."

He goes on to assert that "such excessive drinking as there may be is confined to a very limited set. The charges are a very grave and unfounded reflection on Oxford, and are calculated to create a most unfavorable and unwarranted impression of university life in Oxford to-day."

Dismissing the charge almost with a wave of his hand, the diarist of the London *Evening Standard* says that "ingenious young journalists of Oxford" start this report every two years. "They did it in 1870, in 1872, in 1874, in 1876 . . . and so on with biennial iteration through the decades," he writes. Those who do get drunk, he says, are at small pains to conceal the fact, but there are many days when they don't get drunk at all."

Perhaps the charge is just a bit of youthful braggadocio, for C. E. M. Joad, who discusses the matter in the same paper, reminds us that in certain moods the young like to think that they are wild and wicked. The *Isis* article, he thinks, is an expression of one of these moods. Only beer and cider were offered him when he dined with some of the students. In a party of twelve, nine drank water.

THE thing that struck him about the undergraduates was not drink, but doubt. "As with all their generation, their prevailing characteristics seem to me," he writes, "to be uncertainty and apprehension; they are uncertain of their beliefs and apprehensive of their futures."

He remarks interestingly on the differences between the present undergraduates and those of his day, who set themselves "to liquidate the legacy of Victorian England. Ours," he says, "was a real revolt of youth, a revolt against the pruderies and stuffinesses, the conventions and false respectabilities that we had inherited from the nineteenth century." As he sees it—

"To-day the prevailing mood is different.

"Undergraduates have not escaped the disillusion and discouragement that have marked the aftermath of the war, and in the post-war years at Oxford and Cambridge there has been a perceptible lowering of the spiritual atmosphere.

"In this respect, as in others, the undergraduate is typical of his generation. He is touched, for example, by the prevailing uncertainty about religion. Christianity, he can not help observing, failed in the time of crisis, when Mars was unanimously preferred to Christ; is there, then, any reason to take it seriously in daily life?"

Morality to-day, says Mr. Joad, must stand on its own legs. It is no longer bolstered up by systems of supernatural rewards and punishments.

THUS a practical epicureanism has taken the place of the inhibitions and restraints which the nineteenth century called its "morals," and is responsible, says the writer, for the legend of the excesses of modern youth. But the legend, he believes, is more apparent than real, for he frequently observes "young people of outrageous opinions behaving with exemplary propriety." Moreover, he thinks that there has been a decrease even in outrageous opinions, and he goes on:

"Whether this is so or not, a new seriousness seems to me to have crept into young people's attitude of life. They may knock the bottom out of the universe in theory, but they live in open morality in practise. A sobering influence is the growing uncertainty as to the future.

"Never has it been so difficult even for the best educated to earn a living. Men spend four years at Oxford or Cambridge qualifying for the professions, and find the professions overstocked. For the average there is nothing but an office, for the athlete there is nothing but schoolmastering; even for the exceptional man, the chance of a place in law, politics, or the Home Civil Service is remote.

"The prospect exerts a steadying influence and makes men work harder on the whole than they ever did before. So far from modern youth being irresponsible, I should say that their responsibilities begin too early."

Prayer

By Beth Walker

FOR me, no quest of this or that,
No wild demand, no cry nor moan,
If God be Commissariat—
What I have missed, what I have known,
Was mine to keep or lose, alone.

Yet for the things I hold most dear,
For silvered night or gold-barred day,
For singing birds when dawn is near,
For rest at eventide, I pray—
May these things never pass away.

And I would make a still, soft prayer
For small white houses in the sun,
For slumbering fields, and pastures where
The shadows pass when day is done,
And sky and meadow meet as one.

For sea fog and a lifting mist,
For ships that seek the harbor bar,
For mountain tops, and hills, sun-kissed
Or moon-drenched at the evening star—
For these my thanks—the things that are.

—*Good Housekeeping, New York.*

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Explorers in Cassocks

IT WAS STRANGE, sitting there in the jungle and listening to the creepy call of the peacock, to look up suddenly and see a Catholic priest approaching.

But that was one of the experiences of Carveth Wells, noted explorer and popular radio lecturer, who has many strange yarns to tell. He has been to the top of the Mountains of the Moon, where he left his card alongside that of the Duke of Abruzzi; and it was he who startled naturalists with his story of finding fish that climb trees and earthworms that come up out of the ground and sing and whistle in the Malay jungle, the densest tropical jungle in the world. He lived there six years, surveying for the British Government—two years alone and four accompanied by his wife.

His path up and down the world has been crossed many times by missionaries—that black-garbed figure in the Malay forest was not the first. And this Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, member of the Explorers' Club, and civil engineer, has a good word for those explorers for souls whose deeds are too often unsung. "It is time they should have a word said for them," he told Hobart Goewey, who interviewed him for *Zion's Herald* (Methodist). "I have met them," he said, "in the most remote places." He recites, as Mr. Goewey quotes him:

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

Even in the Jungle

Missionaries have found him, and Carveth Wells, noted explorer, has a good word to say for the emissaries of Christ.

"Up in the subarctic Peace River Country, between Edmonton and Alaska, I met a Catholic Bishop, then over one hundred years old, traveling in a canoe with two Indians. This Father Grouard, drest in a cassock, and wearing a beard, spoke only French.

"After the Chicago fire of 1873 he had set out with a bullock cart from Chicago to the little log-cabin villages of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Still with his bullock cart he went on, fighting Indians all the way, to Winnipeg. Thence on to Edmonton.

"At Edmonton he put on snow-shoes and walked to Peace River Crossing, a distance that now takes two days by train. Here he and his two Indian companions built a raft and floated north, until they came to what he thought was a good place for a church. They landed and built a church out of the raft, lining all the walls and ceiling with moosehide that they had tanned. Father Grouard then painted the stations of the cross on these walls.

"The church is still standing. Several museums have tried to buy the paintings, but they remain in the church until the old priest's death, when they will go to one of Canada's big museums. When I saw Father Grouard he was more than one hundred years old, and still at his work, which had taken him all over that subarctic territory. For all I know, he may still be alive and active.

"Just last year, I met a man selling Bibles in Central Africa. He had traveled all the way from the east to the west coast of Africa on a push-bike, selling his Bibles for only a few cents each. There was no money in it. He wasn't doing it for that."

ONE day, after Mr. Wells had been about a year in the depths of the Malay jungle, an unexpected visitor came to him. The bearded stranger's black cassock was strapt about his waist and he was walking bare-legged. He had come forty miles through the jungle because he had heard there was a white man who had been in the jungle alone for a year and might need help.

"He was a Catholic priest," said Mr. Wells, "but when he found I was not a Roman Catholic, it made no difference at all to him." And then:

"A year later I came to Seremban at Whitsunday. I called on the padre of the Anglican mission station there, and found him at his house wrapt in towels and with his feet in hot water. He had such a cold that he had been forced to close the mission church even over that festival day. But when he heard my story of two years alone in the jungle, he called the sexton, and we three, the padre, the sexton, and I, went to the church, and the padre went through the complete Whitsunday service just for us. That man is now Bishop Danson of the English Church.

"Why, when I was surveying for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway in 1910, we were in camp thirty miles beyond Battleford, Saskatchewan, far from any settlements, when two Sisters of Mercy, in their long black clothes exactly such as you might see on the streets here now, came walking out on the 'dump,' as we called the earthwork for the railroad that was to be.

"They were nurses, and had come all that distance, two women alone, mind you, just to see if there was anything they could do for us. As we were all well, we gave them food, and soon they started on. The last we ever saw of them was as they went on in their black dresses, out beyond, to help others.

"These Sisters were without food or lodging, and were absolutely dependent on those they met for their existence, as they went about doing good."

AND what of Mr. Wells's religion? He is a low church Anglican, we read. To his interviewer, he said:

"I believe every civilized man or woman has a religion of some kind. There is no such thing as a real atheist among us."

A Challenge to Reno

MAY Reno jeopardize a marriage partnership made and existing in another State?

It is not an academic question. An Illinois woman, informed that her husband was in Reno to obtain a decree, filed a petition in an Illinois court asking an injunction to restrain him from obtaining a divorce. She pleads that she has acquired rights under the laws of her own State, such as dower, jointure, homestead, support, and maintenance, which will be jeopardized if her husband obtains a divorce elsewhere for causes which the Illinois laws do not recognize. She says that the marriage must continue until her own State dissolves the union and, in doing so, fully protects her interests.

This woman, comments the Milwaukee *Journal*, has raised an important issue:

"A State should protect its homes and those who make the homes. When Nevada 'liberalized' its divorce laws, just for the profit of the 'trade,' so that any one could go there and, by establishing a residence in six weeks, send a divorce complaint through the Reno mill on the flimsiest pretext, did not Nevada thereby endanger the rights of every person in every other State?

"Divorce is left under our present plan to State control, and Nevada is a sovereign State. What Illinois can do about the matter, we do not know; altho, exercising their own sovereignty, the other forty-seven States might refuse to recognize a Reno divorce within their borders."

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Why the "Monkey Law" Still Stands

THE "MONKEY LAW" WAS A MISTAKE, wrote a Tennessee editor a few weeks before he turned in his last "copy."

And the law, he said, has done the cause it was designed to serve actual harm.

But it "will continue on the statute books of Tennessee until those who assail it retreat from their position that belief in the fundamentals of the Christian religion is a sign of mental weakness and bigotry."

This challenging reply to the critics of Tennessee was written by James I. Finney for the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Mr. Finney was editor of the Nashville *Tennessean* and a well-known newspaper man. Earthly statutes will concern him no more—the Editor-in-Chief has sent him on another assignment.

Many Tennesseeans who boldly question the wisdom of the "monkey law," wrote Mr. Finney, resent the inferences drawn by the critics of the antievolution enactment. The law, he asserted, had some real justification, or it would never have been passed, and would not remain on the statute books.

As noted in these pages, July 11, a bill to repeal the "monkey statute" was defeated by the Tennessee House of Representatives, 58 to 14. THE LITERARY DIGEST asked for comment from leading Tennessee papers, but only the Chattanooga *Times* responded. That paper said that "Tennessee stands before the world to-day as a State confirmed in the ignorance, narrow-mindedness and head-binding disposition in which the anti-evolution law was conceived and passed."

But the law "is not a monument to the ignorance of Tennessee," insisted Mr. Finney. "Thousands of intelligent Tennesseeans who realized the futility and unwisdom of the law were either silenced or became its defenders when the Civil Liberties Union entered the combat," he said. These Tennesseeans, we are told, resented the character of the assault made upon the statute by the Civil Liberties Union and newspapers, periodicals, and others outside Tennessee "who joined in the crusade to discredit a great State because its people cling with some tenacity to the faith of their fathers." They do not, said Mr. Finney, resent the South's being called the "Bible belt." "The Bible," he observed, "played a tremendous part in the development of the South, and has been an important factor in molding the character of its people. Its influence is perhaps one of the chief reasons for the splendid virtues of the old Southern civilization." And said Mr. Finney:

"When we view the debacle that has overtaken our boasted industrialism, and the sorrows that have followed in the wake of materialism, we have no reason to be ashamed of the deep religious faith that was a significant factor in the lives of most of the great men whose names enrich the history of the South.

"It is a pity that more people in these recent years have not had a profounder faith in the gospel truths and a higher appreciation of the Scriptures. The world might not have 'progressed' as far as it has in mechanical science, but there is little doubt that it would have been an infinitely better and pleasanter place in which to live."

THE antievolution law, wrote Mr. Finney, was the direct result of the challenge of the pseudo-scientists, who went beyond known scientific facts in their teaching and "invaded realms that had no relation to long-cherished religious truths." Students passed from skepticism to doubt, and "came back from college with a sneer for the faith of their fathers." So—

"When the results of such teaching became evident to the people, their resentment was natural.

"Having accepted the utterly unsound doctrine that government is the institution for the solving of all our problems, the righting of all our wrongs, it was inevitable that an appeal should be made to the legislature.

"Modern Americans have faith in the fiat of legislature. They believe there is magic in those solemn words, 'Be it enacted.' Instead of relying upon the churches and appealing to the better and finer side of men, they have come to place firm reliance in 'the law.' We have tried to regulate almost everything by law. Hence the appeal to the legislature.

"Of course, it was a mistake. But those who sought to safeguard by legislative enactment the faith to which we owe our all are no more to be criticized than are the 'liberals' who are constantly urging the Government to solve all our economic and social problems."

IN time, said Mr. Finney, the antievolution law will be repealed, just as many other futile laws will be wiped from the books. That will be, he said, when experience teaches there is little magic in legislation.

"But the day will be delayed as long as the enemies of the statute base their hostility to it on their contempt for the religious faith of our people. The law will go only when its repeal will not be interpreted as a triumph for the skeptics, agnostics, and would-be defenders of our material civilization."

Just Like Manna

THE PARADOX OF HUNGER in a land of plenty has been met and overcome by a minister.

His plan is simple enough—he eliminated the cost of distribution by bringing the supply and demand together.

Here is the story as it is told by Owen L. Scott, correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association. Dr. Johnston Myers, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church in Chicago, who has been feeding the poor of his district for a generation, hit upon the idea of going into the country with his charges and accepting offers from farmers who had more than they needed for their personal use, and who could find no market for their surplus.

Trucks provided by generous owners were driven by unemployed, who also harvest what the farmers have to give. Arrangements were made with local millers to grind the grain into flour, which is distributed among the needy. One concern offered a large storage warehouse in which surplus products can be held.

"Here in the middle of summer, with fields full of things to eat, and farmers thinking it useless to harvest much of the fruits and vegetables because there is no profit in marketing, there is a chance to prepare for winter," says Dr. Myers, as the correspondent quotes him.

"In Michigan there are berries falling to the ground because they are dead ripe, and no one sees any use to harvest portions of the crop," went on Dr. Myers. "Truck gardens in sections where rains have been plentiful are filled with vegetables. Why should a single person go hungry?"

Another relief agency, we are told, has taken over a run-down and abandoned farm about fifty miles from Chicago. Here unemployed men, many of whom had held worth-while positions, are put to work providing for themselves and their associates.

It is a thoroughly practical program, says the Chicago *Evening Post*, and about all that is necessary to make it of value in the early winter are a few lessons on the construction of an old-fashioned, sand-filled vegetable bin. *The Evening Post* suggests that the plan "be drawn to the attention of the California fruit-growers, who are reported ready to destroy a large part of this season's crop in order to maintain prices in the ordinary commercial markets."

But what about the farmer? What he does, says the Nashville *Tennessean*, "is nothing more than an enlargement of what takes place when a man who has more peaches on his tree than he can use calls across the fence and invites his neighbor, who has no peaches, to pick a basketful."

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Long, low and graceful—and possessed of the exceptional performance assured by Cadillac's V-type engine design—the V-8 Roadster is one of the smartest creations since the vogue of the Roadster began. Convenient G. M. A. C. terms available on all body styles.

It has often been said that deep in the hearts of a majority of motorists is the ambition, some day, to own and drive a Cadillac. Mindful of this, the Cadillac Motor Car Company has striven constantly, year after year, to bring its products within reach of an ever-increasing number of people. Today, this purpose has been fulfilled in exceptional measure—for the distinguished Cadillac V-8, expressive of everything that has come to be associated with the name Cadillac, is offered at prices ranging from only $2695.

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ENOUGH WEIGHT, BALANCED RIGHT, GIVES YOU EASY RIDING . . . . .

Get into this car—costing just a little more than the lowest-priced cars—and see what we mean by *real riding comfort*. . . .

Relax on the deep seat-cushions that have springs of the "tied-down" type used in fine chairs. . . . Feel the upholstery—*genuine mohair or whipcord*. . . . Move the driver's seat forward or back—adjust the indirect ventilation—exactly to your liking. Here are values that stand out!

The very click of the door tells you a lot about Pontiac's solid construction.

Then *drive* a Pontiac. Note how firmly it holds the road—the result of *ample weight*, which fine-car comfort demands. And note the pleasant steadiness under all driving conditions—achieved by *balance*, which engineers consider most important.

Turn into the back roads. There's where you'll appreciate Pontiac's longer wheelbase, large flexible springs, and shock absorbers that work smoothly with the springs.

See how fresh you feel after a long drive. Big brakes have a lot to do with that—and easy steering—and rubber cushions which absorb shocks at 43 points.

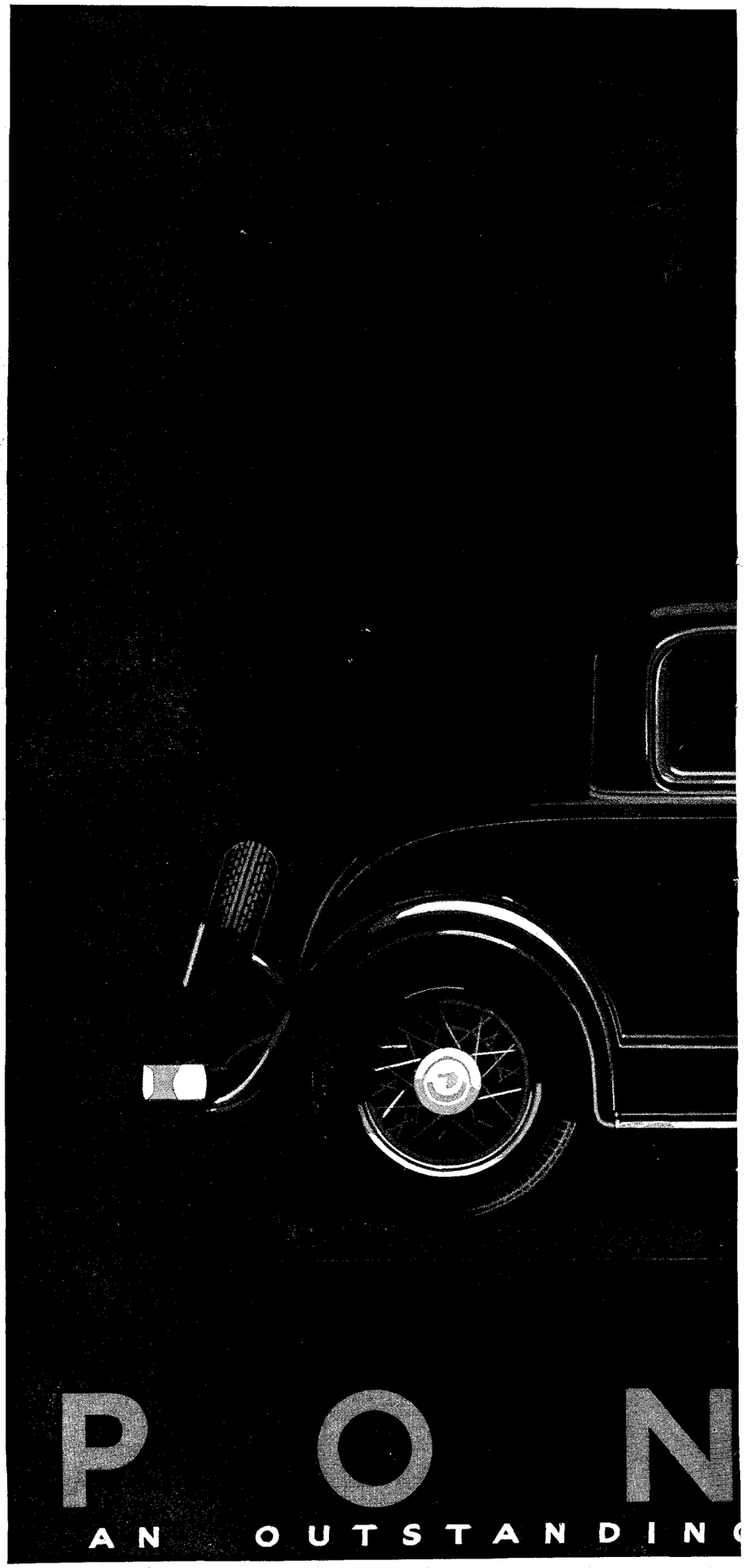
You pay little more for Pontiac than for the very lowest-priced cars—and operating costs are also agreeably low.

As the miles go by, watch Pontiac's gasoline gauge. You'll be surprised at the fuel saving effected by the special "economizer." Oil lasts a long time, too. And the whole car is so well built that you can drive it for thousands of miles with practically no expense for upkeep.

And there's still more to Pontiac economy. The price your dealer quotes is the price *delivered* to you, including full factory equipment—front and rear bumpers, four shock absorbers, five wire wheels and spare tire, tube and tire lock. In addition, you may have the advantage of easy monthly payments through G. M. A. C.

Prove Pontiac's comfort and economy for yourself. Take this car out today and *drive* it.

OAKLAND 8—PONTIAC 6
TWO FINE CARS



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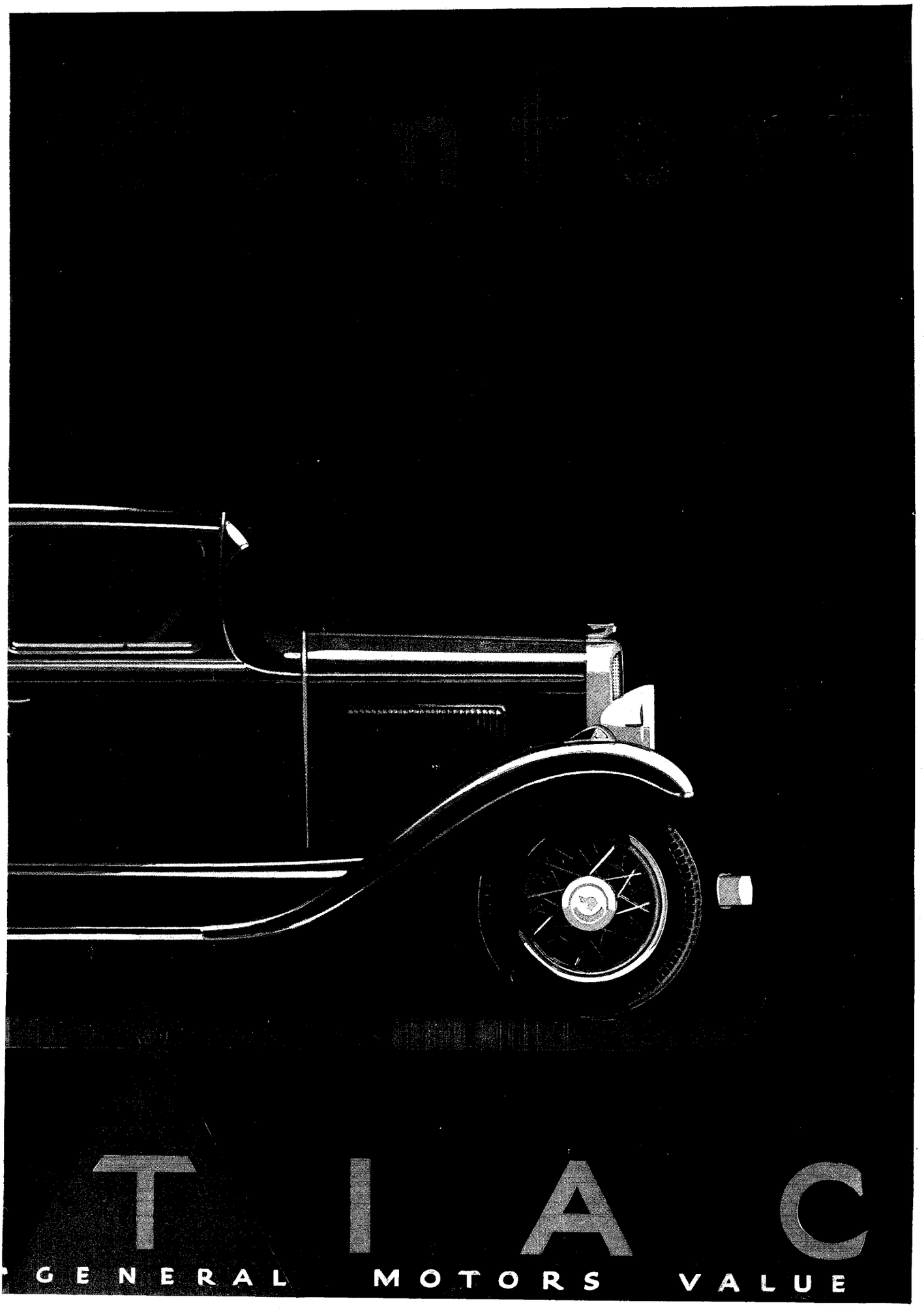

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

MRS. NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY, wife of the Illinois poet, is herself a gifted craftsman in words, as this poem, published in Mr. Mencken's *American Mercury*, demonstrates:

CHORAL

By Elizabeth Lindsay

Oh, stronger than the arms of love,
More bitter than the taste of tears,
And deeper than pain—
I will return to you, old mother,
To the cold and darkness of your green secret caves,
To the quiet that underlies all sound and chaos.

Out of you came life, oozing with slow steps
Over shale and sand,
Forgetting you never.
The highest mountains are bone of your making,
And all valleys nursed at your breast.

You are fierce and unbroken.
Man and his ships are your playthings:
Your heart is ice, and your ways not his ways.

You are a hard mistress,
Laying relentless hands on shrinking shore lines,
And devouring while you caress the earth.

Yet there is no music
Like the eternal
Plunging of waves, and the slow whisper
Of foam sucking back on the sand;
No dream sweet as the tang of salt air;
No tenderness
Like yours
For anemones
In sunlit pools of brown water.

Nothing human so clean and decent
As your crested disaster,
Which kills quickly
Or purges the soul
Of all but perfect endurance.

Ask the white bones on any tropic island,
Or the dim galleons, where the fishes play.
Ask the gray gulls
That cry along the coast of Cornwall
Out from Tintagel, in the Irish Sea.

My heart is full of the strange rightness
Of their song and its sorrow—
Hungry for the wake of a boat,
And its mottled green marble;
Sick of speech that could not be heard
In the knife-edged wind at the prow;
And sped like an arrow
To a horizon that is four-fold
And infinite in beauty,
In face of infinite space
And the peace of lost places.

THERE is a touch of irony beneath the surface suavity of these verses we find in *Harper's Magazine* (New York):

THE RATIONAL MAN

By J. C. Squire

Friend, safe, be certain, you may feel
  With me to sleep and drink and eat;
I do not want enough to steal,
  I do not care enough to cheat.

I do not hate enough to fight,
  Nor love enough, nor yet believe;
And having Birth and Death in sight,
  Why should I trouble to deceive?

Credit me not with tenderness,
  Nor yet with generosity;
Casual and cold is my excess,
  And pitiless my charity.

Sin does not lure me, and I find
  This easiest: to live by rule,
And leave adventure to the blind,
  Vice to the mazed and fevered fool.

TO *The English Review* (London) Humbert Wolfe contributes "twin" sonnets, the first in commemoration of the beloved Arnold Bennett, the second to the poet Robert Bridges:

ARNOLD BENNETT

By Humbert Wolfe

Now that Arnold Bennett, whom we cherished, is dead,
  and Robert Bridges, that inveterate deep lover
of life will not toss again his lion head,
  it is time to look back and tell their virtues over.
There was always a space, Arnold, in what you said,
  a pretended stammer of thought as though to cover
the young, and, in spite of life, the astonished
  fancies that cried as sadly as the wheeling plover
over the empty autumn fields to the spring.
  "Return!
  Where are your snowdrops now that the bracken's brown?
  Is there not always spring in a bird's sight?"
You also, Arnold, in the autumn would not learn
  that the lilies crumple and the cowslips are trodden down.
  "Come back!" you were always crying, and you were right.

II

ROBERT BRIDGES

By Humbert Wolfe

And you, Robert Bridges, you made your last will
  and testament of beauty in the winter of your thought,
but there was no snow of the mind falling upon Boar's Hill
  nor upon the further fields that your vision sought.
You could have lingered a year with a daffodil,
  pondering on the dust that could be so brightly fraught
with unaccountable design, and yet could find the thrill
  of all matter for ever prevailing upon nought.
Long were your years, but their orbit was inwards
  to the quiet at the heart of the cyclone where leaves
  and the butterflies hang as still as in amber,
or as dew on the crocus before it draws sunwards.
  You are flown, you are melted but when no wind grieves
  in the calm of the evening we shall remember.

IN the following lyric, published in the Kansas City *Star*, the author makes his rhythm express the inevitability of his theme:

BARRICADES

By Lowe W. Wren

Of man's first barricade and how it fell,
Only the eye can guess. No random well
Or prying shaft uncovers where it stood
Topping some vanished knoll. Part stone, part wood,
I think, and none too high, that barricade
The Unknowns made.

So long ago it was, that from its dust
Nothing remains that any eye can trust.
Nothing, and yet, I know long lances gleam
And ruthless torches flame across my dream.
Through ages of night, I glimpse that wall again
Squirming with men.

A wall that tells the story of a world
That always hopes her battle flags are furled.
A world that hopes, yet builds against surprise.
Hoping! Building! Knowing that hordes arise—
Age after age—on hoofs that trample stone
And leave it prone.

WRITING in the London *Observer*, Mr. J. C. Squire commends the following, from the author's "Collected Poems" (Secker, London):

THE BUZZARDS

By Martin Armstrong

When evening came and the warm glow grew deeper
And every tree that bordered the green meadows
And in the yellow cornfields every reaper
And every corn-shock stood above their shadows
Flung eastward from their feet in longer measure,
Serenely far there swam in the sunny height
A buzzard and his mate who took their pleasure
Swirling and poising idly in golden light,
On great pied motionless moth-wings borne along,
  So effortless and strong,
Cutting each other's paths, together they glided
Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided
Two valleys' width (as though it were delight
To part like this, being sure they could unite
So swiftly in their empty, free dominion),
Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny steep,
Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,
Swung proudly to a curve and from its height
Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep.
And we so small on the swift immense hillside,
Stood tranced, until our souls arose uplifted
  On those far-sweeping wide,
Strong curves of flight,—swayed up and hugely drifted,
Were washed, made strong and beautiful in the tide
Of sun-bathed air. But far beneath, beholden
Through shining deeps of air, the fields were golden
And rosy burned the heather where cornfields ended.
And still those buzzards wheeled, while light withdrew
Out of the vales and to surging slopes ascended,
Till the loftiest-flaming summit died to blue.

THOSE of us who have taken long motor rides at night will agree that an English poet has struck a picturesquely modern theme in these lines, reprinted from the London *Daily Express:*

NIGHT-DRIVING

By A. E. M.

Night-driving: When the trees like cardboard scenery rush t'wards one
And pass: but more crane forward and take their place.
Strange to follow two great rays of light; yet one pursues them always.
Now a stone wall bordering; now a hedge—deep ditches—pitfalls of a foggy night
But in the clear moonlight, only trimmings to the road.
Suddenly a village—hushed and sleeping and one wonders for a moment
Of the lives of those who live therein—Humble? Contented? Ambitious? Who knows?
But the windows give back nothing. Blank, expressionless like blind eyes or a mask.
And so the open country once again. Each indentation of the surface
Exaggerated: Each bump a hill, each dip a valley.
Now a white signpost with pointing digits offering alternatives—
Four routes to choose from—each perhaps as charming, so how decide?
But symbolic of life: our way is set, and one way only leads us to our destination.
And so we rush on, seemingly the only live thing in this great world of darkness.
Tangible earth below us and vast mystery of sky above.

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Hay-Fever

LATE SUMMER BRINGS THE HAY-FEVER SEASON to its height. Then the air is filled with the invisible plague of floating pollen, tormenting sensitive noses and starting thunder-storms of sneezes and torrents of irrepressible tears.

Why hay-fever rises to such a crescendo just about now, and holds its evil spell upon so many suffering mortals is explained by Science Service in a series of brief special articles. The answer is found in one word: Ragweed. To quote the first article:

"For some reason as yet unknown, more persons are sensitive to the pollen of the two principal species of ragweed, the tall and the low, than to any of the many other pollens that can and do cause hay-fever suffering in others.

"Between the two evil weeds it is hard to choose the worse. But perhaps the tall ragweed, because of its lustier growth and its distribution, at least as wide-spread as that of its low cousin, loads the air with more pollen, and is therefore the more accursed.

"The tall ragweed would be not such an ill plant to see, if one did not know its despicable character. To be sure, it has no gaudy bloom, but it is tall and straight, reaching heights of from six to sixteen feet, and it masses into dense, jungly growths on rich lands left fallow, particularly on often-flooded river-bottoms. The fact that it is an annual, sprouting anew each year from last year's abundant seed, makes it particularly well adapted for the quick conquest of such places.

"It usually grows in such thick stands that it does not have an opportunity to branch; only an occasional stray, standing alone, will show how great a bush it can become if it has the chance.

"The low ragweed seldom lifts its tough, scrawny stems more than three or four feet high, and in much-tramped pastures, which it seems to delight in, it may not be taller than a foot or two. But what it lacks in height it makes up in distribution, growing in thin, dry upland soils as well as in rich bottom lands.

"And it is harder to discourage, too, than the tall ragweed. The tall one can be pretty well put out of business for the season by one thorough mowing just before it begins to shed pollen. Not so the low ragweed. It has a better opportunity for branching, and if you sweep the whole business with a scythe to within a couple of inches of the ground, it soon has branches out, loading the air with trouble like a whole Chemical Warfare Corps. It has a rank, disagreeable odor, and a rather nasty taste. There must be something wrong about it as fodder, for in pastures the animals always let it alone; not even a pig will touch it."

Courtesy of the U. S. Department of Agriculture

The Chief Cause of Hay-Fever

Two varieties of ragweed.

THE goldenrod, blamed by many hay-fever sufferers, is unjustly accused, we are assured. Even the repeated vindications given it by physicians and botanists have not served, says the writer, to clear its good name in the public mind. He goes on:

"Some hay-fever sufferers aver, 'But I start sneezing if I only so much as see a bunch of goldenrod.' That is just it. Most cases of that sort are started by just seeing the suspected plant: the sneezes are psychological sneezes. The patient got started by ragweed or some other real troublemaker, mentally associated goldenrod with his trouble, and now he can get a grand sneezing spell just by looking at it and feeling sorry for his poor nose.

"Try to get some pollen out of a bunch of goldenrod. You will find that you have to shake and thrash the flowers about to get the golden dust to come loose. Then try ragweed. The merest touch will send puffs of its pollen drifting into the wind. In spite of its general innocence, goldenrod may be the guilty plant in a very few cases. But it should be presumed innocent until proved guilty."

THE majority of hay-fever sufferers do their sneezing during late July and August, but for some the hay-fever season is blessedly over. Why is it that Jill has her weeks of wretchedness in June, while Jack does not enter into his torment until July?

Nobody knows the final answer, we are told, but the proximate one is that Jill is sensitive to wind-borne pollens of early-flowering plants, while Jack is attuned to the proteins of ragweed pollen. Of course, if Jack is sensitive to both early and late pollens, he certainly *is* out of luck. To quote further:

"One of the most troublesome of the early hay-fever weeds, now fortunately past its bloom, is the so-called English plantain. This is closely related to the ordinary broad-leaved plantain, which is still much more abundant in many parts of the country. Why the broad-leaved plantain is not a hay-fever weed, nobody knows.

"The English plantain differs from its cousin mainly in having much narrower leaves, and in concentrating its flowers in a bottle-brush at the top of a naked stem. Like the broad-leaved plantain, the two ragweeds and many another vegetable nuisance, the English plantain is a foreigner. Not only does it set up unseemingly nasal explosions in late spring and early summer, but it is spreading rapidly across the face of the country, ruining lawns as it goes."

THE unlucky victims of hay-fever owe their distress, the writer goes on to say, to the fact that they are peculiarly sensitive to certain substances foreign to their own bodies, pollens being the chief offenders. To quote further:

"Hay-fever, hives, and asthma are all related ailments. In hay-fever, the nose and eyes are affected. In asthma, it is the bronchial part of the breathing apparatus, and in hives, the skin and, usually, the digestive system.

"Breathing air which contains the pollens of various grasses, flowers, and trees, or which contains emanations from horses, cats, birds, and substances in dust such as molds, causes hay-fever in some persons. In others the offending substance is taken into the system with the food. In this class of causes belong a host of animal and vegetable proteins. Among them are wheat, oats, peas, beans, lentils, fruits, nuts, meat, milk, eggs, oysters, and other sea-food, and some kinds of fish.

"Less common causes of hay-fever and asthma are various germs which may exist in the air passages. Disturbances of certain vital processes of the body may occasionally cause the trouble.

"Among the queer things which have caused hay-fever or asthma are glue and horn-rimmed glasses and orris-root toilet-powder. A number of hay-feverites are sensitive to more than one of these substances.

"Asthma was first described as an independent ailment in the seventeenth century. Its name literally means a panting. Hay-fever was first described in 1899, and was originally called summer catarrh.

"Hay-fever is often inherited. One investigator found that in a series of 400 cases, the condition had occurred in the families of very nearly half the patients. Sensitivity to a particular protein is not transmitted, however. When both parents have asthma or hay-fever, all their children tend to have it.

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"People who have asthma, particularly asthma due to horse-hair or dander, are apt to have serious attacks of illness after administration of antitoxin or horse serum. Such people should not fail to tell the physician that they are subject to asthma, if they are about to be given antitoxin or similar preparations.

"Various courses of treatment are open to the hay-fever sufferer. The classic procedure is to seek refuge in a hay-fever colony or on an ocean vessel. Unfortunately, this is limited to the few sufferers who have both leisure and money.

"Present methods of treatment are various processes of desensitization. First the offending substance, whatever it is, must be determined by a skin test. A drop of a solution of the suspected substance is rubbed into a scratch on the skin. Usually several substances are tried in a series of scratches. The one that causes the hay-fever will raise a red wheal at the scratched place.

"An English physician has developed a method of 'rush' treatments, in which desensitization is done within two weeks. Instead of having an injection once a week for months, the patient is given an injection every hour and a half throughout the entire fourteen-day period. The patient must go to a hospital or have a trained nurse at home for this method of treatment, as he must be watched closely for untoward symptoms.

"Treatment then consists of injecting the offending substance in tiny but gradually increasing amounts until the skin test shows the patient is no longer sensitive to that pollen or protein. Injections are usually given once a week, or oftener, for a period of several weeks. Some physicians advocate beginning the treatments long before the hay-fever season starts.

"About one-fourth of hay-fever victims can be completely relieved by desensitization and a varying number more can be definitely helped. Nasal sprays are helpful to some hay-fever-ites, while epinephrin, which is a glandular product, and ephedrin, which is a vegetable drug, are helpful in attacks of asthma.

"Persons who are sensitive to proteins in food get relief by leaving these foods off their menus. Sometimes after a long period of abstaining entirely from the foods, the patients become desensitized."

Studying Savage Peoples

LAND UNKNOWN TO EXPLORERS will be a thing of the past in the next decade, according to Prof. Alfred R. Radcliffe-Brown of the department of anthropology in the University of Sydney, Australia.

Professor Radcliffe-Brown, author of "The Andaman Islanders," and editor of the quarterly journal *Oceania*, holds that there are only a few small areas remaining in which the natives have never seen a white man, and that airplane exploration is rapidly changing this situation. A press bulletin issued by Columbia University, where he is teaching in the summer sessions, quotes him as follows:

"Primitive societies are the most happy because they can solve their problems. Crime, for example, has been a simple problem for savage tribes. If they noticed undesirable qualities developing in some of the young men, these youths would fail to return from the tribal initiation ceremonies. That was all there was to it.

"Civilized codes and standards do not permit of such a solution, in spite of its effectiveness, and primitive peoples are finding themselves increasingly hampered by civilization's inroads and encroachments on their freedom.

"The natives of hitherto little-known interiors are being brought into world commerce. It is no longer a matter of choice but the result of social integration. The development of trade, commerce, and industry has created this world commerce, and all countries and their inhabitants are being drawn into a closer relationship, regardless of personal preferences."

PROFESSOR RADCLIFFE-BROWN, we are told, has been training men in the University of Sydney for the past five years, for special research in New Guinea, where the British Government has established an organized research department through grants, so that it may learn how to administer government there, and avoid misunderstandings. To quote the bulletin further:

"At the present time there are half a dozen research workers carrying on anthropological and ethnological studies in New Guinea, and a like number in Australia. It is necessary to study the natives in Australia within the next fifteen years, if ever, Professor Radcliffe-Brown indicated, as they are disappearing so rapidly. Studies of primitive tribes are important scientifically for a more thorough knowledge of how civilization moves, its work and growth, if we are to learn a proper control of our own lives. The practical results, of course, are more remote.

"Education, Professor Radcliffe-Brown stated, is the adapting of people to the lives they must live, at least from the sociological point of view. If people are unhappy, that is, unadapted, it simply means that education has failed. The scientist can help in this adaptation by studying the lives and customs of early groups and the rise of civilization, and interpreting his findings. Science, he suggested, is still in the laboratory stage, and the scientists are watching other people try experiments."

Perhaps Light Spins

NEWTON THOUGHT LIGHT A STRING of particles. Later scientists believed it to be a chain of waves in the ether. Recently, attributes have been discovered that emphasize its division into particles. Perhaps these are the individual waves in a chain.

Anyway, a Hindu physicist, reported by the Associated Press, now announces that the particles, whatever they may be, spin around like a curved baseball. They have "angular momentum," which means the same thing.

He believes that if this is so, some hitherto unexplained properties of light may become clear.

He thus throws light on light itself! Says a writer in the New York *Times:*

"Sir Chandrasekhara's discovery is much like finding that light, instead of being immaterial, is a string of baseballs thrown by a big-league pitcher, whizzing and curving as they speed ahead.

"This idea that light is both particles and waves is not new, but there has been a wide gap between the known wave characters of light and its particle attributes; so wide a gap that a standing joke declares scientists regard light as waves on the first three days of the week and as particles on the second three and as both on Sundays.

"Some of this gap may be bridged by Sir Chandrasekhara's discovery. He opens the door on a new world of exploration.

"The angular momentum, in which he finds the new facts about light, depends partly on distribution of mass in a particle. The shape of the particle is likely to be a factor in this distribution of mass. So finding angular momentum in light is really to discover some more of the ways in which it acts like a string of particles.

"As it is difficult to think of a light wave as having anything in common with 'angular movement,' Dr. H. H. Sheldon, Professor of Physics of New York University, suggests the baseball analogy as giving laymen an idea of the novelty and importance of the discovery."

THE possibility of using the new knowledge about light is not necessarily an idle dream, says the writer. Few of nature's phenomena differ more radically in their effects than the different wave-lengths of light. Yet little is known of the reasons why; and now an additional road is open to search for the cause. He goes on:

"For example, only the very short waves—the ultra-violet—cause sunburn and tan. There are literally thousands of this class of waves alone, each one different from all the others. For several years physicists and medical men have sought to classify them better, so as to learn precisely which wave-lengths do the most effective work, and why. Red light on a photographic plate is another familiar example. It may shine all day without affecting the sensitive plate, altho a tiny amount of shorter wave-lengths will ruin the plate instantly.

"The scientific explanation is that light is divided into quanta—particles—each of a different energy. These quanta do their work like coins in a slot-machine. Where they do not they pass by harmlessly. The existence of quanta is well established. Understanding why they differ so much is not so easy. These differences in effect may be clarified by such discoveries as angular momentum and molecular spin.

"Among the well-recognized particles of 'solid' substances, molecular spin is an important attribute. It has to do with the supposed ceaseless motion of the electrons and protons that compose tangible things. To define molecular spin of a particle is like saying of a man that he is white or he is Mongolian. A difference in spin may make fully that degree of difference in the character and the chemical action of a molecule."

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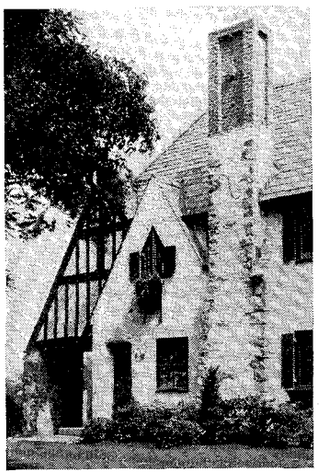
Pointers for Those Who Build

(7) Cement and Concrete in Building

AN INSPIRED ARTIZAN WAS JOSEPH ASPDEN, gentleman from Leeds and Knight of the Trowel.

He created a corking success story back in 1824, when he took some lime and clay, burned them in a kiln, and ground the fused mass into a new and better cement. Quickly a name suggested itself. Didn't this substance look like the stone quarried in the Isle of Portland? And so right then the name Portland Cement came into being.



Courtesy of Medusa Portland Cement Company

A Corner Glimpse of Gene Sarazen's home in Bronxville, N. Y., shows the possibilities of stucco

Everywhere to-day, expressive of the tempo of 1931, modest homes, sky-cleaving structures, stretches of ribbon-like road built with concrete add mellowness to the story of the mason from Leeds, who dreamt of an improved cement, and turned his dream into a reality.

Of course, cement had been used before Aspden's day, even before road-maker Claudius built his Appian Way with a cement base in 312 B. C. But the Portland variety ushered in a new cement age.

Portland Cement is made by heating almost to melting point a mixture of limestone and other raw materials. To the clinker thus obtained is added gypsum, and the whole ground to flour-like powder. Its wide-spread use in America began in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

In addition to Portland there is masonry cement which is produced by burning lumps of natural cement rock, grinding the resultant clinker to powder sufficiently fine so that 90 per cent. passes through a screen of 200 mesh, and sometimes adding materials which chemically and scientifically control the set. Waterproofing ingredients are often incorporated. Masonry cement is used for brick, stone, tile, and terra-cotta mortar. It is not used for concrete. The customary mixture for mortar is one part of cement to three parts of sand and sufficient water to form a mixture easy to trowel.

In considering cement, and especially Portland Cement, our thoughts turn naturally to the subject of concrete. Concrete is the result of mixing Portland Cement with aggregates such as crusht rock, or slag, sand, burned shale, cinders, pebbles, etc., and water.

IN "Concrete Masonry Construction," published by the Portland Cement Association of Chicago, we read:

"Years of service have firmly established Portland Cement concrete as a leader in the construction field. Among its well-known advantages are its proven fire-resistive properties. . . . Its ability to withstand weather and wear and tear in usage has made the term concrete synonymous with permanence. Water-tightness and increasing strength are other attributes."

Turning again to "Concrete Masonry Construction," we are told that: "Concrete Masonry is a term commonly used to denote an assembly of concrete block, concrete tile or concrete brick employed in building construction."

Cement products may contribute to the artistry of the building for, "Concrete surfaces can be produced in practically unlimited variety of texture and color. Face brick, terra-cotta, concrete or natural stone surfaces are often desired as an exterior finish, concrete blocks and tile serving admirably as a back-up for such materials."

A wide-spread use of cement in home building is in the surfacing of exterior walls.

"Modern Portland Cement stucco consists of a mixture of Portland Cement, aggregate, and water. . . . Various colors in stucco are obtained through the use of high-grade mineral pigments added to the finish-coat mortar.

"The use of stucco or plaster dates back to the early history of mankind. Examples are found among the ruins of buildings constructed by the early Egyptians, by the Greeks, and later by the Romans."

STUCCO may be placed directly upon tile, brick or stone walls. With frame buildings it is applied to metal lath fastened to sheathing, or by back-plastering with the lath fastened to studs. Three coats are usually applied to frame houses, termed base, scratch, and finish coats. Exterior texture of stucco may be done in stipple, spatter, torn, troweled, or sand-float finish.

Premixed stucco in which all dry ingredients are supplied ready to mix with water is available.

In a previous article of this series we have explained the use of concrete in foundations. The accompanying sketch shows in a graphic way the many applications of concrete in home construction from foundation to roof.

"Concrete roofing tile," to quote again from "Concrete and Masonry Construction," "had been in general use in Germany and the Scandinavian countries for many years. In America this type of roof covering has grown in popularity, and to-day concrete roofing-tile, suitable to industrial buildings, are available in practically every market."

Another important type of fire-resistive roof covering in wide use is the cement-asbestos shingle.

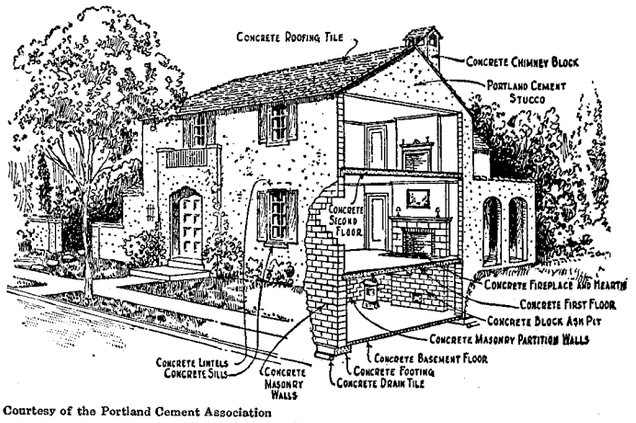
Structural and other advantages of concrete for floors and stairs are numerous, while cast stone in which cement is a vital constituent has been referred to in a previous article.

A new method of concrete house construction used by a New York State builder consists of walls cast in place around precast studs. The studs are provided with nailing strips inside and out. Floors are of concrete and walls provide for any outside veneer.

Outside the house concrete has multiple uses. It enters into the construction of attractive fireproof garages, drives, walks, and garden furniture and ornaments.

Under normal conditions concrete is watertight. When subject to exceptional water or moisture surroundings it may be given special treatment such as hot tar or asphalt, or have waterproofing materials added. For surfacing cement floors there are also hardeners which resist wear and prevent dusting up.

Among organizations having developed standard specifications for concrete and working for integrity of construction are, besides the Portland Cement Association already referred to, The American Standards Association, The American Society for Testing Materials, The Underwriters' Laboratories, The American Concrete Institute, The United States Department of Commerce, The National Concrete Masonry Association, The Haydite Manufacturers Association, and the National Building Units Corporation (guaranteeing high quality cinder units).



Courtesy of the Portland Cement Association

"From foundation to peak, concrete serves the architect, in construction, protection and decoration."

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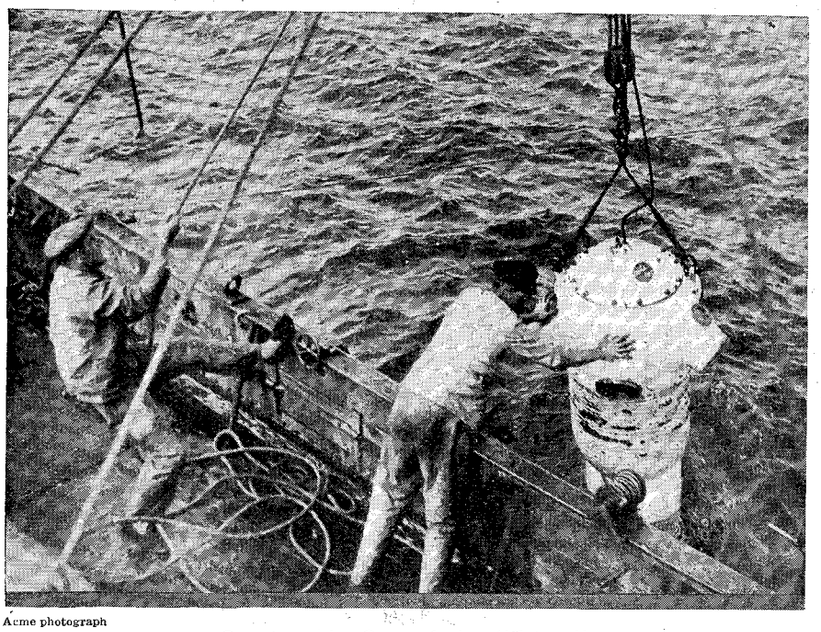
A Robot Burglar for Davy Jones's Locker

SHARKS AND DEVIL-FISH scoot like rabbits when they see it coming, according to the tales of treasure hunters.

A gigantic, armor-clad, lobster-clawed monster with a headlight, it is fraught with a nameless, super-Frankenstein horror as it stalks over the sea-bottom or claws savagely for the gold and jewels soaking in the gloom of almost forgotten ships.



Acme photograph

Coming Up Out of the "Egypt"

By courtesy of a derrick. The emerging "observation shell" contains a diver.

It resembles no other contraption ever seen in the sea or on land. One beholder may liken it to a cross between a channel buoy and a dinosaurus, another to an upended locomotive with Primo Carnera arms and legs, but the essential indescribableness of the thing remains as undented as its hide of welded steel.

Within it is a man. He is its soul, its intelligence, its will, its "innards." Behind its glaring eyes are his watchful ones. Its superhuman smashing, clawing, tearing apart are executed in response to his handling of the controls.

The ever-exciting business, or sport, or gamble, of hunting for sunken treasure may be revolutionized by this submarine robot. It has been showing its paces during the current salvage operations off the French coast for the recovery of the gold—$5,000,000 or so—that went down in the Peninsular and Oriental liner *Egypt* when she was sunk in a collision near the island of Ushant, off the northwest corner of France in May, 1922.

THE full report of the robot's behavior is eagerly awaited by actual and would-be treasure hunters all over the world. According to a recent copyrighted dispatch from Brest to the New York *Times*, the divers working in the wreck of the *Egypt* have made important progress in clearing a way to the part of the steamship where the treasure is supposed to be locked up, and the climax may arrive at almost any time, weather permitting. At the time of the dispatch the operations had been suspended for a spell because of heavy weather, and the Italian salvage vessel had taken refuge in Brest harbor.

A later dispatch from London to the same paper tells of commercial fears "that an attempt at piracy might be made with motor-boats armed with machine-guns," adding that "an application to the Admiralty for protection by a naval escort has accompanied the heavy insurance in connection with the salvage of the gold from the *Egypt*. Marine companies will cover the risk from the time the gold reaches the salvage ship *Artiglio* until it is delivered at Plymouth or the Bank of England."

The *Artiglio*, be it noted, is the successor of the former salvage vessel of the same name which started the *Egypt* salvaging last year, but was blown up with loss of life in December, while attempting to raise the hull of a munitions ship off Belle Isle, France.

In recovering sunken treasure, "it is useless for a man to go down into the sea unless he can do effective salvage work after he reaches bottom, and in this regard the effort on the steamship *Egypt* is revolutionary," writes Arthur Warner in the magazine section of *The Times*, under the title, "Sunken Gold, Now as Ever, Lures Man."

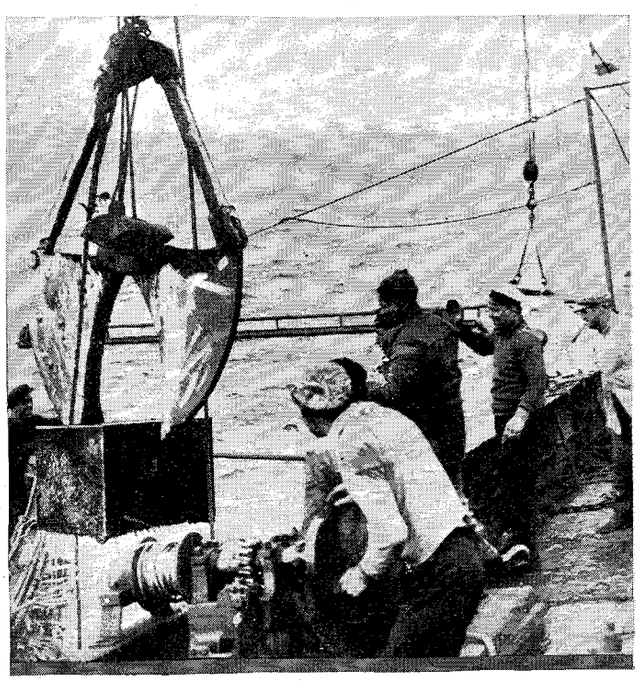
HE goes on to say that if the apparatus in use there demonstrates its general effectiveness, "it will increase immensely the scope of salvage by extending the depth at which such work can be done.

"A new technique is employed which, on the one hand, avoids the use of comprest air and, on the other, gives the diver certain powers of action.

"The *Egypt* sank in 400 feet of water, about twice as far down as a man can work under comprest air in an ordinary diving suit." Then we come to the meat of the matter, thus:

The important new device adopted for work on the *Egypt* is a kind of robot, a mechanical shell with jointed arms and legs, in which the diver is lowered.

The shell is made of steel, with massive glass windows, and has sufficient resistance to withstand the pressure of the water about it without comprest air. The diver breathes air at normal pressure from oxygen reservoirs, and so can stay down as long



Acme photograph

The Captain's Safe Wasn't So Awfully Safe

It is said to have contained the key of the "Egypt's" treasure-room, but if those jaws had slipt—good-by!

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"When I had Pyorrhea—"

"Don't worry. The day Dr. Blank told me I had pyorrhea I was scared. I thought it was some kind of incurable disease which meant the loss of all my teeth. But I didn't lose one and the pyorrhea is cured."

MOST people instinctively dread pyorrhea. They know that it is an unpleasant disease of the gums and bony sockets of the teeth—a disease that causes the gums to recede and the teeth to loosen and fall out.

But they may not know that even more serious than the loss of their teeth is the menace to health and even life which may follow the absorption into the blood of the poison of pyorrhea.

There are several causes of pyorrhea. Overfeeding and improper diet are responsible for the majority of cases. A diet lacking milk, green vegetables, fruit and sufficient hard food to chew upon so as to bring a free circulation of blood through the gums, may lessen the resistance of the tissues to attacks by mouth bacteria.

Several other conditions cause pyorrhea. It may come from injury to the gum by the careless use of toothbrush or dental floss. An accumulation of tartar at the gum-line may be partly responsible. Crooked or missing teeth, ill-fitting crowns or bridge-work that cause extra strain and pressure on certain teeth may bring on pyorrhea. Bleeding and tenderness of the gums are usually the first signs of pyorrhea and call for prompt action. But in some cases these warnings are absent and only X-rays can detect the destruction of the bony socket in which the teeth are held—a destruction that may proceed painlessly and relentlessly until the teeth are lost and invalidism results.

In its early stages pyorrhea can be cured by expert treatment, and can often be checked even when further developed. But if the disease has progressed too far for cure, the affected teeth should be removed in the interests of health.

Visit your dentist regularly and have your teeth X-rayed if he advises it, so that in case pyorrhea is developing it may be treated before becoming serious.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, without charge, the booklet "Good Teeth—How to get them and keep them." Ask for Booklet 931-L.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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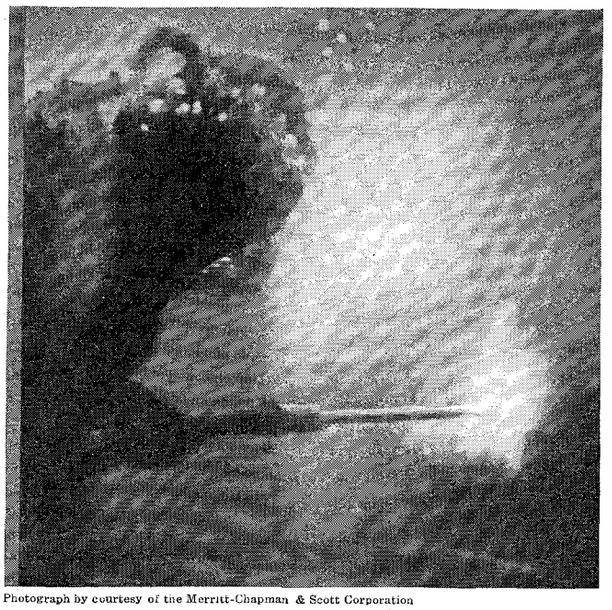
as the supply lasts, and come up immediately, when he wishes to, without suffering a case of "the bends."

The mechanical shell has telephone connection with the salvage ship above it, and in the lower part of the robot are tanks into which the diver lets water by means of a valve when he wants to go down and from which he expels the water by comprest air when he wishes to rise.

But undoubtedly the unique part of the robot—that upon which its ultimate success or failure rests—is the movable arms. These end in a kind of pincers, like a giant lobster's claws, and are equipped with hammers and other mechanical facilities operated from within through water-tight connections, as one would move the figures in a Punch and Judy show.

Nine years ago the *Egypt* was groping through a fog off the coast of Brittany. She was carrying a large assignment of gold and silver, amounting to more than $5,000,000, sent by Egyptian bankers to the Bank of England.

Suddenly she was rammed by a lumbering French tramp, the *Seine*. Some 100 persons went down with the ship.



Photograph by courtesy of the Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corporation

Melting Steel Under the Sea

A diver cutting his way with an oxy-electric torch.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made to salvage the *Egypt's* gold before last year, when an Italian firm, using the diving apparatus already described, took hold, Mr. Warner tells us, continuing:

A salvage job at 400 feet requires a special technique, differing radically from that employed along our coasts. No bullion-laden ships were sunk off this seaboard in the World War, and American salvage apparatus and methods are adapted to the recovery of less valuable cargoes or ships at a depth of seldom more than fifty or 100 feet.

The usual way of getting into the hull of a sunken vessel is to make a hole in one side with an undersea cutting torch. But the mechanical robot, remarkable as its powers of movement are said to be, has not the manual dexterity necessary to manipulate such a torch. So it was decided to go down through the *Egypt's* hull with explosives, a method which meant blasting a shaft through three decks to the bullion room.

When about to send up the captain's safe last summer, one of the divers on the *Egypt* suddenly was shot to the surface by an accident to a ballast tank, we learn. "He emerged unhurt but naturally disturbed." And again:

This year, while descending to the wreck, one man dropt abruptly and landed on the *Egypt's* deck with a thump that knocked him nearly unconscious.

What had happened? That was the all-encompassing thought in the diver's mind. Would he ever see the surface again?

Of course, they telephoned to him from above. They told him the winch had jammed and he must wait patiently for a few minutes.

Actually the wooden derrick used to lower the diver's shell had snapt.

It was necessary to pull up the wire cable by arm power—a back-breaking, hand-tearing, time-consuming job, which required a quarter of an hour, and gave the diver an opportunity to ponder practically every mishap that could have occurred to him. Yet ten minutes later, when a new derrick was rigged, he went down again. That is a diver's life—until one day, maybe, it becomes his death.

Mr. Warner reminds us of the preparations here to salvage, with newly invented devices, the bullion and jewels sunk in the *Merida* off the Virginia Capes. He adds:

The greatest haul of sunken treasure ever recovered was from the *Laurentic*, which was torpedoed off the northern coast of Ireland just before the United States entered the World War. The White Star liner was bound from Liverpool to Halifax with from $30,000,000 to $35,000,000 in bullion. She sank with a loss of some 300 lives in about 100 feet of water. Salvage operations conducted for about five years resulted in the ultimate recovery of all but a small fraction of her fortune.

Celebrated Frogs Still Jump as of Old in Calaveras County

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD FROG DOWN. Popeyed old Bud, with his firm mouth, and his front legs like parentheses, knew that he wasn't through, just because he had failed to repeat his 1928 championship in 1929 and 1930.

He waited for that great international sport event, the 1931 World's Frog Jumping Championship in Calaveras County, California. He took a deep breath and won back his title with a truly epic leap of eleven feet five inches. Bud, whose whole name is Budweiser, is owned by Louis Fisher of Stockton, California, according to Charles A. Byers, writing in *Boys' Life*, where he adds that "the second best jumper this year was Puddle-Jumper, entered by John Decchenino of Oakdale, California, with a leap of eleven feet one inch, and the other winners of the five allotted prize places were:

"Third—Joe, owned by Joe Cesa of Antioch, California, ten feet six inches; fourth—Zenobia, Kinston, North Carolina, Kiwanis Club entry, eight feet six inches; fifth—Smoke, entered by the Washington, North Carolina, Fire Department, seven feet one inch."

The Jumping Frog Jubilee at Angels Camp in Calaveras County is, of course, held in commemoration of Mark Twain's famous story, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." It is "a real contest, with real frogs competing," says Mr. Byers, continuing:

Dan'l Webster, as the original frog was named, is alleged to have been owned by one Jim Smiley, of Calaveras County. Mark Twain was editor of the Virginia City, Nevada, *Enterprise*, when he learned of him through a Simon Wheeler. *Dan'l*, according to Mark Twain's informant, was a very noted hopper. He was reputed to have outjumped every frog against which he was competed—until, on an evil day, the unprincipled backer of an ordinary pick-up frog secretly ballasted old *Dan'l* with so much bird-shot that he couldn't rise from the ground.

Mark Twain's famous story was first published in 1867.

The first of the Jumping Frog Jubilees was held in 1927, just sixty years afterwards. Already they have become international frog Derbies.

The 1931 event brought entries from France, Spain, and Ireland. There were three—"Fritzi," "Mitzi," and "Blitzi," from Berlin, Germany. There were "Old Dominion," from Richmond, Virginia; "Tammany," from Loomis, New York; "Smoke" and "Fire Alarm," from the Fire Department of Washington, North Carolina; "Buckeye" and "Zeppelin," from South Park, Ohio; "Minnehaha," from Minneapolis, Minnesota; "Zenobia," from the Kiwanis Club of Kinston, North Carolina, and many from different Ca ifornia localities. In all, there were about 150 frogs participating in the competition.

Old Dan'l met his Waterloo because of a tummyful of bird-shot. But such unfair practises can not enter into the frog-jumping competitions to-day! There are unbiased judges and a full set of rules, which insure fair play.

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John Doe *needs* *a* New Automobile

THE old one has given years of faithful service. It has had two overhauls and has seen no end of tinkering, but it's reached the stage at last where driving it has wholly ceased to be a pleasure.

John's whole scheme of living is built around the use of an automobile. To get to business, to carry the kiddies to school and to give Mrs. Doe her needful range of action day by day, a reliable car is essential. But the old one is no longer in that class. Sometimes it won't run at all and it never runs well. Its replacement can no longer be deferred.

John's assets are a 33⅓% cash equity in his home, a savings account, a life insurance policy, two bonds and a bank balance just large enough to meet current demands with a workable margin.

To buy the car he needs for cash, John Doe will have to call on his reserves. He can do it, of course. He has saved for a rainy day and can raise several times the cash required to buy this car if that seems wisest. But he knows that if he takes that bite out of his savings he may never pay it back. He will mean to, but will he have the strength of mind? As an average human he doubts it, and therefore dreads to part with so much cash in one lump sum.

He has heard that to buy on instalments will add considerable to the cost of the car—and that, of course, won't do. A real dilemma.

Happily, the salesman who takes him in hand knows his business. "The time price of this thousand dollar car you want to buy, with one third paid down and twelve months for the balance—is one thousand and sixty-seven dollars, or less than seven per cent in excess of the cash price," he asserts.

"Fire and theft insurance is included in that figure. You will find it far easier to budget your income and pay the finance company a fixed sum every month than to repay your savings account at an equal rate if you draw on it and buy the car for cash. Human nature doesn't work that way. Buy it on Commercial Credit terms, keep your savings instead, and when you get through paying you'll have your car and your capital too."

John Doe agrees—and will be the richer always for reaching this conservative decision.

* * *

It is doubtless because the American family has been trained to buy its high priced utilities from earnings rather than from savings that instalment credit has withstood the test of the last two years so staunchly and contributed some $6,000,000,000 to the total of the nation's annual retail volume at a time when every cent soundly expended has been a godsend to industry and a boon to the laboring man.

Buy your new car, too, on Commercial Credit's Thrift Plan. It is used by leading dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

The economics of instalment selling are ably discussed by Mr. Milan V. Ayres, the well known analyst, in a recent message to the business public.

Because of the widespread present interest in this subject we have acquired a supply of these pamphlets for general distribution. Clip and return the coupon below and a copy will be forwarded at once.

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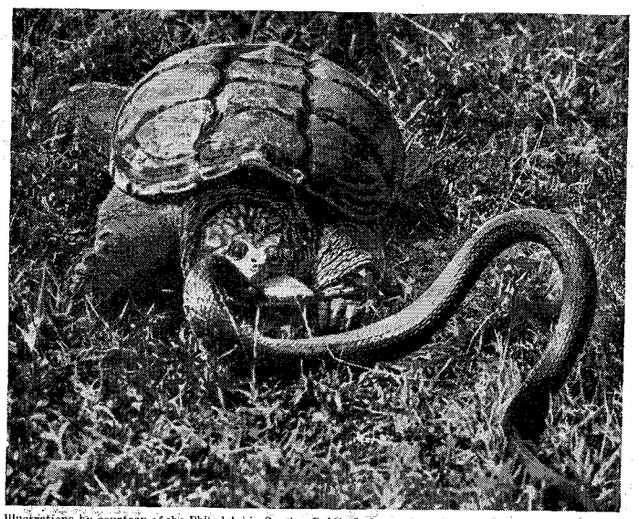
Snake vs. Snapper: One That Kipling Missed



Illustrations by courtesy of the Philadelphia Sunday *Public Ledger*. Copyright by Lynwood M. Chace

Catch as Catch Can: A Good, Safe Hold

SUDDENLY THE MOSSY ROCK CAME TO LIFE. It sprouted a vicious head on a snakelike neck.

Cruel jaws were in that head. They "opened wide, clicked shut," and an active, five-foot water-snake, out hunting a dinner of frogs, was made the writhing captive of a surly old snapping turtle, which it had roused from a snooze at the edge of a swamp pool near Narragansett Bay, Massachusetts.

The turtle's jaws, we read in an account by Hal Borland in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine, "caught the snake in a grip as strong as the jaws of a steel trap, and far more painful, for the snapping turtle is armed with teeth, if such they can be called, which can cut through a half-inch hickory stick as tho it were a match.

"Instantly the marsh was the scene of battle. Life and death were there for victor and vanquished."

It was a breath-taking battle—one that reminds us of that fierce combat between *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi*, the mongoose, and *Nag*, the cobra, described so excitingly by Kipling.

And as luck would have it, a human reporter was on hand with note-book and camera—Lynwood M. Chace, a naturalist whose remarkable photographs of the fight are reproduced to illustrate this article, and whose account of the battle is retold by Mr. Borland:

Had one writhe of the snake's sinuous body been capable of freeing that reptile for flight, it is unlikely that he would have fled. The surprize, the affront to his five feet of battling arrogance were sufficient to rouse him to death-dealing anger.

So now he threw one coil of his body around the turtle's shell, clamped tight, squeezed as would his cousin, the python. And it did no good. He might as well have tried to choke a tree trunk with his coils. For the snapping turtle's shell is like so much armor-plate.

The turtle's first hold on the snake was about midway of his body, and when the first attempt at utilizing his steel-spring coils failed, the snake writhed his head into play.

Once, twice, a dozen times it struck with lightning speed, dealing blows to the turtle's shell, to its neck, to its head—and having not the slightest effect.

The water-snake has teeth, but no fangs. And it has no paralyzing poison. Its method is like that of the python, either a stunning blow delivered with its nose in a swift strike or the smothering squeeze of its powerful coils.

Neither was of any avail against this enemy.

With a writhe of desperation, then, the snake spun the turtle from its wide-spread feet, flipped it onto its back. And again the snake threw a coil around the shelled body, squeezed until the muscles stood out like cords beneath the scales. And the shell was as unyielding as ever.

Then more strikes, more hammer blows at that leathery neck bearing the head which the snake could not quite reach. And still no results.

Now the snake threw a coil of its powerful self around the turtle's neck, tightened, threatened to throttle the armored one. And when the throttling began to be felt, the turtle turned to with broad, heavily clawed feet on stubby legs, raked the snake's body with rending blows almost catlike in their effectiveness and their agility.

THIS change in tactics seemed to startle the snake. Altho it had a strangle-hold on the turtle, it had to relax this grip and try for a new one. But, as we see, this was no use:

With the relaxation the turtle shifted its grip, darted its swift head for a new hold nearer the snake's head. But when it shifted it left a gaping wound where it had first taken hold, a wound both weakening and painful.

Again the snake laid its battered coils about the heavy shell; again it tried to squeeze the life from the amply shielded reptile. The turtle, beady eyes fairly flashing, held its ground without a tremor.

More thrashing about, and again the turtle was flipped on its back. Once more the snake sent a coil writhing toward the turtle's neck. That, obviously, was the one way out of this situation. Slowly the coil formed, worked toward that leathery neck, finally found it, wound around.

But before it could tighten with any effect, the sharp jaws of the turtle relaxed, the long neck darted out and the jaws again clamped shut.

That coil which had sought to throttle the armored one was all but severed in one snap.

Again the turtle's feet caught at a reed. And now that the snake was tiring, weakening, the turtle was on his feet with scarcely a struggle. A loop formed, vicious jaws caught it.

Another and another; and each in turn was caught, gashed, maimed. Then the snake's struggle became less and less. The loops were less determined.

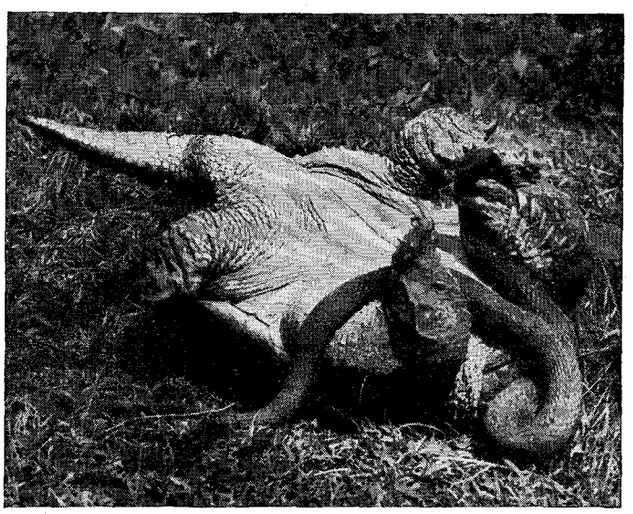
It no longer dealt those dizzying blows with its head. And with one final shift of its implacable jaws the turtle caught the snake close up by the head, untangled itself from the maimed coils and waited.

The battle was won. Life would soon be gone from that five-foot length of water-snake.

High in the heavens a red-shouldered hawk wheeled and screamed as it watched the commotion in the reeds. And all around rose the plaintive peeping of the swamp babies—the young Virginia rails, the chicks of the killdee, and the other water fowl.

But the breeze still rustled among the reeds, the sun still shone with summer heat, and out in the inlet the water lapped at the mud banks with incessant rippling.

Only another duel in the animal kingdom, says Mr. Borland



Copyright by Lynwood M. Chace

As Playful as a Kitten, but Improving the Grip

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philosophically, and "in half an hour it, too, would be forgotten; the ill-tempered old snapping turtle again drowsing beneath his stonelike armor, the frogs once more sunning themselves beside the water, the song sparrows caroling cheerily as they swung on their cat-tail perches in the breeze." And, reading on to the end:

Such was the round-by-round description of the battle which Mr. Chace had to tell, and, like the prize-fight reporter, he brought back with him remarkable action pictures of the whole thing, eventually even bringing in the victor for specially posed pictures in his most ferocious attitudes.

But that duel, witnessed by the nature photographer, was one of millions constantly going on. On the plains and in the rocky hills where the rattlesnake lives there are unnumbered duels between the poisonous rattler and his reptile enemy, the kingsnake. And they, too, battle to the death, sometimes for hours at a time before the final, fatal blow is struck.

"Slip" That Passed in Daylight

In sending to *The Republican* a "Lost and Found" ad clipt from the local newspapers, reading: "Lost—Brown walrus physician's handbag, etc.," a reader accompanies it with the following note, tenor of which appears humorous enough for repetition:

"Evidently this brown walrus physician who lost the handbag has strayed quite a ways from his native habitat—or maybe he just came down to Santa Rosa for his summer's vacation. However, I would like to ask you, should I find a handbag, just what identifying marks must I look for to determine whether or not it belongs to a walrus physician? I think the adjective 'brown' is superfluous, unless the medical man is naturally of a brunette complexion, or lives in the South Seas instead of in the Arctic land of the walrus. Besides, who ever heard of a walrus practising the medical profession? Or perhaps you mean the physician in question specializes in the treatment of walrusses (spelling not guaranteed). What have you got to say about it?"

To which we can only reply: "Nothing; you have said it all." Except to explain this is not a "Slip That Passed in the Night." It was passed in the daytime.—*Santa Rosa Republican.*

Unpardonable Sin

President Elliott, of Purdue University, told a story at a tea.

"A varsity baseball coach took one of his best men aside on a fine spring day and said:

"'George, you are going to pieces. You're pale and thin and flabby. What's happened to you? Are you drinking?'

"'Drinking? Me?' said George, 'I should say not!'

"'You must be smoking, then.'

"'I never touch a smoke.'

"The coach looked at him hard.

"'George,' he said, 'it can't be that you're studying?'

"'Well, you see'—George turned very red—'well, yes, I am studying a little. You see—'

"But the coach cut him short.

"'Any more of that, George,' he said, 'and you're off the team.'"—*Springfield Union.*

QUICK RELIEF, TOO, FOR

CUTS, BURNS, BRUISES

Kills germs; soothes the pain and promotes quick healing when youngsters are hurt

His limping broke a foursome at the 9th because he neglected

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● They had kidded, boasted, planned a week on this foursome. All set for 36 holes, Bill begged off at the 9th and limped into the locker-room.

The skin between his toes was now so red and raw he could hardly bear to keep on shoes. Too long he had neglected the infection called "Athlete's Foot"!

Several weeks ago he noticed only a persistent itching. The skin between his toes *was* cracked—unwholesomely moist. Not realizing that this infection *might* become serious, he passed lightly over the symptoms.*

Don't YOU take chances; this infection preys on millions

Many a vacation, many a week-end outing has been spoiled by a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton.* It causes "Athlete's Foot." No one is immune; you may be its next victim.

It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom. And its presence is so widespread that health authorities estimate "*at least half the adult population is infected at some time.*"

Absorbine Jr. kills the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You can't *wash* away the germs of "Athlete's Foot." They thrive on soap and water, strange as it may seem. Bathing can therefore do more harm than good, when nothing else is used. The safe way to combat this infection is the regular application of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it well between the toes. For laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign*, douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep dousing it on,* because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like it. You can get it at drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. Take Absorbine Jr. on every outing—use it freely. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

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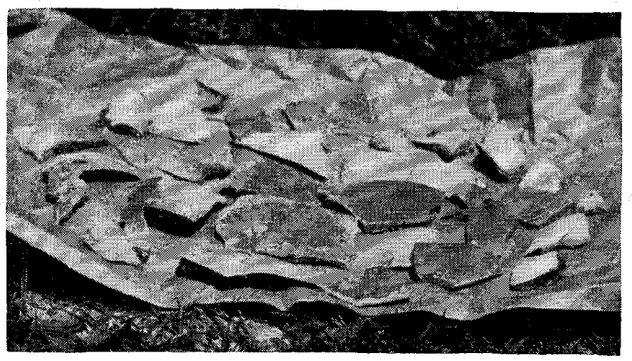
"Save the Alligator!" Cry Southern Anglers

GOOD-BY TO GOOD FISHING if the 'gators disappear from Southern waters.

Such is the cry of alarm that is being raised over the threatened extinction of the good, gray saurian, the South's last surviving species of big game and holy terror to swimmers.



Bits of Turtle Shell from 'Gators' Insides

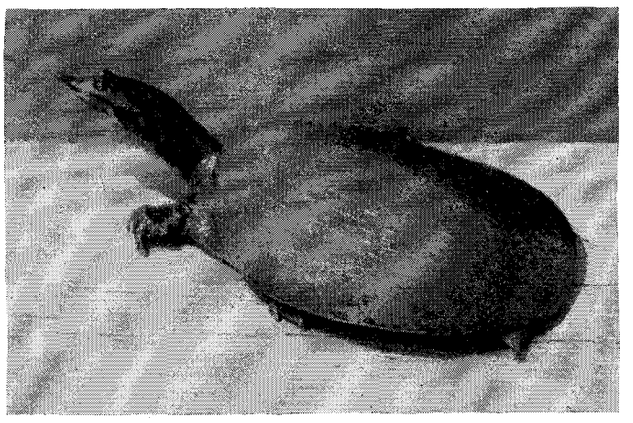
Nature loves a paradox, and this is a good one: Alligators save the lives of thousands of game-fish every year.

Most of us, of course, would have thought it was the other way about—that thousands of game-fish were gobbled up by alligators, and fishermen would like to see the big beasts exterminated.

But most of us are not *posted on the ins and outs of* the struggle for existence in Southern rivers and swamps, bayous and everglades.

Above all, most of us don't know the cooter and its habits.

The cooter is the soft-shelled turtle of Southern waters. No relation to the cootie, but a most objectionable beast in its own way. It mutilates and devours the black bass and other noble fish which delight the sportsman's heart.



Brother Cooter, the Real Villain of the Piece

THE only creature to which the cooter is not objectionable is old Dragonhead, the alligator, who esteems it as human gourmets do its cousin, the terrapin. And that's the key to the solution of the paradox—'gator devours cooter, black bass is saved for fisherman.

"To destroy the alligators that inhabit the Southern swamps is to damage seriously the supply of game-fish," writes George L. Bird in *Nature Magazine*. "Evidence is quickly forthcoming from those who have studied Southern waters and have watched the fish grow fewer, despite the dumping of thousands of fingerlings by State fish hatcheries.

"Coincident with this proved decrease in fish population there has been a noticeable increase in the numbers of turtles and a rapid decrease in the numbers of alligators in the same waters."

Here Mr. Bird inducts us into the complicated interrelations of the cooter-bass-alligator triangle at different ages. Thus:

First of the curious facts to be noticed is the enthusiasm with which fish, alligators, and turtles prey on each other. Turtles feed on the spawn and young of the bass, which is the principal game-fish of the South, and also take young alligators. The alligators eat the turtle and the bass, while the large bass occasionally take the young alligators and turtles.

If it can be shown, however, that the turtle destroys worthwhile quantities of fish and that the alligator keeps the turtle in check without destroying more fish than it saves, then the picturesque, ugly-faced old reptile has proved his right to protection by conservationists and sportsmen.

Evidence that the turtle is a destroyer of fish is easily found and indisputable. Times almost without number the soft-shelled turtle, called cooter, has been caught upon live bait.

A few months ago, in Carleton Lake, Putnam County, Florida, I found a nine-pound black bass being devoured by cooters while the bass, still alive, floated on the surface, struggling weakly. Save where the turtles were attacking, there were no marks of any kind upon it.

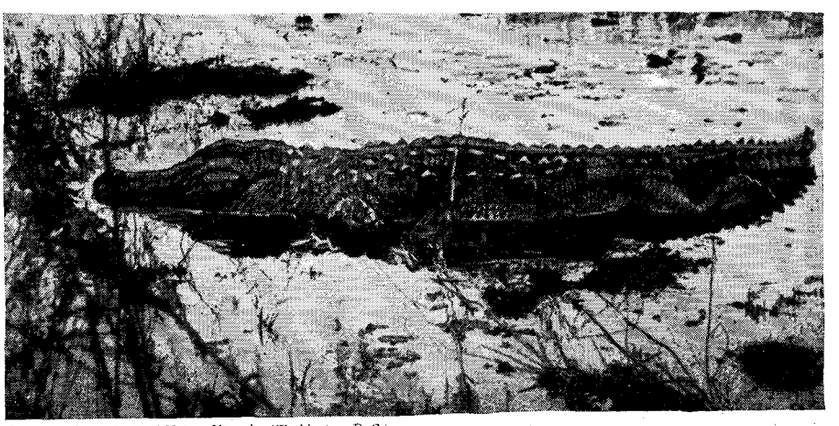
Further proof of the slaughter of fish by turtles comes from I. T. Quinn, Alabama game commissioner, who says that "there is much evidence in this State that turtles destroy the spawn and also the fingerlings of many species (of fish). We have considerable trouble at the Alabama State Fish Hatchery with turtles feeding on fingerlings in rearing ponds." Similar reports come to me from officials in Arkansas, Florida, and South Carolina.

The cooter, when it frequents the "brim" beds, devours the spawn of the bream almost unmolested. It has more difficulty, however, in feeding upon the spawn of the bass. Both fish will attack it, but without a great deal of success.

Questioning among old fishermen elicits information that varieties other than the cooter also feed upon the spawning beds. Many experienced observers have frequently seen the other soft-shelled turtles feeding upon them. Some species of turtles, it is true, are vegetarian, such as the "striptlegged turtle," but whether these also feed upon fish spawn, I am unable to say.

THE second phase of the problem involves the importance of fish in the diet of the alligator, Mr. Bird goes on, and he exonerates old Dragonhead to this extent:

Fish are probably not the factor believed heretofore. One old 'gator hunter in Melrose, Florida, who has killed hundreds of 'gators over a period of forty years, and who has examined the stomachs of scores of alligators, declares unqualifiedly that many of them had garfish in them, but that only a very few contained bass or "brim." Garfish are notorious destroyers of spawn and young fish; furthermore, they are unfit for food. Other fish found in the 'gator's stomach were mudfish and "silver sides," the first inedible, and the second used only as live bait or as food by other fish.



Illustrations by courtesy of *Nature Magazine* (Washington, D. C.)

Faithful Old Dragonhead, the Fisherman's Best Friend

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Authoritative word from the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, which examined the stomachs of 149 alligators, states that fishes formed 14.04 per cent. of the total food eaten during spring, summer, and fall months. A part of this, however, was made up of alligator gars, which, the Bureau says, "are a nuisance so far as man is concerned."

The alligator eats little during the winter months, except in southern Florida where it does not always hibernate.

It must be remembered that the feeding habits of the alligator vary widely with the season and with the food available. In general it can be said that the 'gator will eat whatever is easiest to procure. A list published by the Bureau of Biological Survey shows that practically everything in the form of insect or animal life is readily devoured.

The really vital question is—does the alligator feast on the turtle? The answer is unqualifiedly "yes," if based on a yearly survey of many waters. Abner Hinant, the Melrose hunter already mentioned, reports that he has found as many as six turtles in one stomach, all in such condition as to indicate they had formed a single meal. He further reports that it is no uncommon thing to find from two to six turtles in the stomach of 'gators that range from five feet upward in size.

The Bureau of Biological Survey reports that "in the case of six alligators ranging from five to eight feet nine inches, killed during the month of June, turtles comprised 68 per cent. and fishes 32 per cent. of the stomach contents." The Bureau further says, "the late J. D. Mitchell was of the opinion that the principal food of adult alligators is gars and hard-shelled turtles."

Mr. Mitchell is reported to have cut open numerous alligators and "in almost every instance found the remains of one or the other, or of both."

The significance of these facts is clear. Several varieties of turtles are constant marauders of the spawn beds of the game fish. They also devour quantities of the young fish. The first of these is the more important, for where a turtle would satisfy its appetite with a few fish, it may rifle the entire spawn of a bream or bass and so destroy thousands of potential fish.

The situation in Lake Brooklyn, in Clay County, Florida, will serve to show what is happening. Ten years ago it was a splendid lake to fish and supported a few alligators and but a small number of turtles. A small town sprang up near by, and the 'gators were killed off. To-day there are few fish, no 'gators, and thousands of turtles. Yet on Lake Geneva, half a mile away, where a few 'gators have managed to exist because of excellent natural cover, there are relatively few turtles and still good fishing. Yet three times as much fishing has always been done on Lake Geneva as on Lake Brooklyn.

It is possible to cite a score of lakes, all of which show similar conditions. Three tendencies may be noted in all of them—fewer alligators, more turtles, and a decreasing supply of fish.

Now it is true that the alligator eats fish, but the facts show that most of these fish are harmful or worthless so far as man is concerned. But so far as I can learn, there is nothing to show that the alligator attacks fish spawn. That is a charge which would be difficult to prove, however, for the gelatinous spawn would not long remain in the stomach of the alligator.

On the other hand it can not be doubted that the alligator is a constant destroyer

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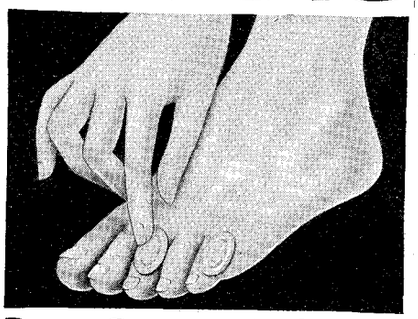

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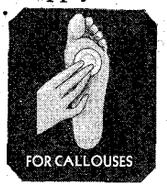

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of several varieties of turtles, some of which are manifestly and proved to be enemies of the spawn and the young of the fish.

It would seem reasonable to infer from these facts that the alligator is of economic benefit to the fisherman. It only remains to determine the exact importance of the saurian in its native haunts as a balance-keeper. To me it seems clear that it has an important rôle to play, and it is time for the Southern States to undertake to settle the matter for their own benefit and for that of the thousands of winter tourists who come to hunt and fish.

But until the exact status of the alligator is determined, the remnant of his kind should be protected. At present, of the nine States in which it is found, Florida is the only State to offer any direct protection, and that only in a few counties. Louisiana sets an open season, but it has no closed season. There is no State-wide protection anywhere. Mississippi's counties may protect, but I am unable to find any that do.

So that at present the ranks of the alligator are dwindling rapidly throughout the South, save in a few isolated regions where hunters are scarce and where their haunts are inaccessible.

It is not too much to say that the next decade will see the complete extermination of the alligator in all but a few of the most remote regions unless action is soon taken to protect the thinning ranks.

Does he not deserve a better fate?

The Old Cool Spring

In de ole cool spring de melon sweet
Am keepin' cool fo' me to eat.
An' I'se glad to plow de long day through
Kase den I knows whut I kin do.
Put dat ole mule up an' den
Feed him frum his ole feed bin,
Den walk down to dat ole spring
Des so happy I mus' sing.
Retch ma arms an'—mercy—gee—
Hug dat melon close to me,
Close to me dough drippin' wet
Kase he am ma lovin' pet.
Den des lay him on de grass—
Wid ma knife make one quick pass—
Den gouge out his drippin' heart—
Pull de sweet red meat apart.
Come one, Trouble, say who keres,
Watermelon in ma ears,
In my nose an' in ma mouf—
Happiest darkey in de Souf.

—Phil H. Armstrong, in the Florida Times-Union.

Stop-Go

"Now wait here children before we go any farther—the traffic is just terrible. I told your father not to start out on a day like this. He must think he is the only person in the world who reads the weather reports. That's the way it goes out here, once the season opens you can't get a minute's peace. Look out! There! what did I tell you! A woman this time, and she just missed us. These female drivers are a menace, if I say so myself. Here comes another; Junior, come back here this minute and take hold of my arm. Phewww!! Well, I guess the coast is clear at last, maybe we can start now, but I'm telling you it's getting so a self-respecting seagull daren't fly across the ocean once the season for transatlantic flyers gets under way!"—*Judge.*

Uncle Sam's Pearls

THE sharks didn't bother. They were only little seven-footers, anyway. But the seals, oddly enough, were more troublesome, according to Lucy Salamanca, who writes in the Baltimore *Sun* Magazine of the pearl-beds in American waters in the Pacific.

A diver would no sooner go down, says this writer, than swarms of seals would swim about him, darting above his head and under his feet in a most disconcerting manner. One diver shot suddenly to the surface of the water, unhelmeted, refusing to descend again, declaring that a seal had bitten him in the back. In spite of the protestations of his fellow-workers, who assured him the seals were merely playful, he refused to go down again that day in that area.

Uncle Sam's surprizingly rich pearl-beds, the very existence of which will probably be a surprize to many, are located in the Pacific, some 1,500 miles northwest of Honolulu. To them, not long ago, in the interests of their preservation, journeyed an expedition from the Bureau of Fisheries, United States Department of Commerce. Dr. Paul Galtshoff, head of the group, has recently returned to America, Miss Salamanca writes, with some fascinating things to tell us about the pearls of Uncle Sam and the likelihood of their continued propagation.

Writing of Pearl and Hermes Reefs, "the only known pearl-beds in United States waters," Miss Salamanca continues:

Here the oyster-beds have yielded pearls of excellent quality, in far greater quantity than those of the usual oyster-bed. The majority of oyster-beds yield one pearl from a thousand shells; 10 per cent. of Pearl and Hermes Reefs shells yield this valuable little globule. This represented a much higher percentage than the beds known to exist in the neighborhood of the United States—such as those in the waters along the western coast of Central America, in the Gulf of California, and around Pearl Islands in the Bay of Panama. The Pearl and Hermes Reefs were discovered to be rich in pearls in 1927, altho they had been discovered much earlier than this date, when two English ships went aground on their coral shores in 1822. The reefs are named for these two English ships. In 1854 a United States naval captain surveyed the area, assuring official possession for this country.

The reefs within the lagoon where Dr. Galtshoff's men worked are made up of finger-like "porites," and the flat tops of these reefs are covered with sand and broken coral. Live coral grow on the steep slopes, and it is among these coral on the slopes that oysters are found. The lagoon is an atoll about eighteen miles long and twelve miles wide, and a series of islands—some of them little more than sand-bars—extend along the two sides of the lagoon. The depth of water varies from a few inches to 104 feet. At a depth of fifty feet or more a sticky coral mud makes the bed unsuitable for oysters.

It came to the attention of the United

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States Bureau of Fisheries last summer that enormous quantities of oysters were being taken from these reefs, without proper protection to the beds or consideration for future propagation of the oyster," says the writer. And so:

With characteristic alacrity, Uncle Sam decided to step in and do something about it. As a result of this decision, and at the invitation of the Territorial Government of Hawaii, Dr. Galtshoff was commissioned to carry out studies of the pearl-oyster resources of these two reefs, make necessary investigations, and come forth with suggestions for the preservation of this resource. To aid in the work, the United States mine-layer, *Whippoorwill*, commanded by Lieut. M. M. Nelson, U. S. N., was ordered to transport the scientific expedition to Hawaiian waters and assist in every way possible in making the survey. Dr. Galtshoff, Lieutenant Nelson, three Philippine divers, one handy man, with research equipment, made up the party.

Dr. Galtshoff discovered that approximately 106,000 oysters, or not less than one hundred tons of shells, had been removed from these two reefs since 1927, without consideration of any kind having been given to future propagation of the beds. As a result of this estimate, it was decided to close the reefs to all oyster fishing, and to forbid the further removal of shells until the beds have been restored to a flourishing condition. Also as a result of this survey, several hundred oysters will be taken from these reefs to Kaneohe Bay, near Coconut Island, and planted there under conditions suitable to growth and propagation, in an effort to extend the resources. It was also decided to reopen Pearl and Hermes Reefs under government supervision when they have been restored to their previous flourishing condition. The reefs will be reopened under such restrictions as government scientists may deem necessary, in order to protect them continuously from depletion and destruction.

The men in the investigation party were not quartered on the *Whippoorwill*, because of the dangerous reefs surrounding ing their little island. These reefs made it impossible for the *Whippoorwill* to anchor close to shore, and she took up her station thirteen miles outside the lagoon. The party then pitched camp on Southeastern Island, erecting a temporary laboratory there.

Disaster came close to the members of the expedition. Two men, lost in a boat en route from the *Whippoorwill* to the island, were afloat for five hours on a rough sea, in a heavy fog, before they were rescued. This led to the establishment of radio communications between the ship and the island, and after this there were no similar mishaps.

Inasmuch as no detailed hydrographic survey of the Pearl and Hermes Reefs had ever been made, considerable time was spent by the expedition in mapping the area and determining the exact position of the islands. This part of the work was under the direction of Lieutenant Nelson, who made astronomical observations determining the latitude and longitude of various points, at which were erected signals thirty-five feet high. The signals had been built on the island. Each was supplied with a platform, and pearl-beds were located from them by means of a compass and finder. Oyster-beds were, in turn, marked by buoys.

Biological observations were also made by members of the expedition, consisting of sounding, sampling the beds and water, reading the water temperatures, determining the alkalinity of the water, its transparency, and food content.

THREE divers were employed for examination of the pearl beds. Of their method of work, we are told:

They went out daily, diving from forty to fifty feet. These divers worked for half-an-hour to an hour-and-a-half period at a time, but in spite of their daily activity it was not possible to definitely ascertain the present oyster population of the lagoon, the beds are so unevenly distributed. The relative abundance of oysters was, however, determined by the number found by the average diver during a given period of time. As a result of these activities, carried out at seventy-five stations evenly distributed throughout the area, interesting conclusions were arrived at. For example, it was determined that the pearl oyster grows at a depth from ten to forty-seven feet, and is attached almost exclusively to live corals; the adult oyster weighs about two pounds, with a maximum weight of seven pounds, altho oysters weighing over three pounds were scarce. The average of shells bearing pearls was unusually high. Of 150 shells Dr. Galtshoff brought back to Washington, fifty were found to contain pearls of unusual size and luster.

The reefs, however, all showed signs of marked depletion. On the best reef in the area three divers, working for an hour, were able to find only twenty-one oysters, and on some of the other reefs only three or four oysters were found in the same length of time. Oysters a year old were almost entirely absent, indicating that last year's crop was destroyed by fishermen or failed to spawn. As small oysters have a tendency to fasten themselves to larger ones, Dr. Galtshoff concluded the scarcity was due to greedy fishermen.

Pearl oysters in the Pearl and Hermes Reefs spawn and set in July and August, and two factors are essential to successful spawning—high temperature of the water and an abundance of adult oysters on the reef, the latter factor being as important as the first. When the number of adult oysters on the reef is reduced to a certain low level by overfishing, the oysters fail to spawn, and propagation ceases. Dr. Galtshoff ascertained these facts through a study of individuals taken from badly depleted reefs.

First-Class Success Story

There was nothing about Dick Barthelmess to suggest the actor either in manner or temperament. Solemn, meditative, always conservatively drest in dark suits, white shirts, black ties, he was the pattern of a judge, an archbishop, a Morgan partner.

From his father, who died when he was a child, he had inherited Dutch frugality and desire for financial security. The Bohemian life of the poor artist held no charm for him. All his tastes were aristocratic.

He would have preferred to have seen his name in a social register than in Broadway lights. He respected conventional gods with a High Church conservatism. The only relative I recall him mentioning was a bishop in China.

He never read movie magazines. He subscribed to THE LITERARY DIGEST and approved *The American Magazine*.—*The New Movie Magazine.*

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Chief Needs of American Industry

IN ORDER TO PLAN for the revival of industrial activity, it is necessary to understand just what ails business.

With this idea in mind, the firm of Cambell Peterson & Company sent out a questionnaire to a number of bankers and several hundred industrial executives. Opinions were asked as to the most serious weaknesses and the chief needs of American industry.

The fruits of this questionnaire are published in *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore). The most serious weaknesses of American industry are classified as follows:

	Percentage of total replies			
	1st	*2d*	*3d*	*(1-3)*
Excessive competition	34.4	38.3	13.9	29.7
Overproduction	48.8	24.2	8.9	28.6
Inefficient sales methods	8.8	14.2	29.7	16.8
Inadequacy of research	3.2	9.2	13.9	8.4
Inadequate distribution channels	4.8	5.0	15.8	8.1
Lack of new products	.0	5.0	11.9	5.2
Obsolescence—machinery and methods	.0	3.3	5.9	2.9
Obsolescence—products	.0	0.8	.0	0.3
	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0

Certain additional industrial weaknesses that received mention were the financial policies of the government and banks, out-of-date laws, too many middlemen, and the agricultural depression.

The chief needs of our industry are tabulated as follows:

	Percentage of total replies			
	1st	*2d*	*3d*	*(1-3)*
Better management	36.1	13.5	6.7	19.4
Reorganization of distribution	14.7	17.6	9.6	14.2
Mergers within each industry	13.1	13.5	10.6	12.5
Extension of research facilities	7.4	14.3	14.4	11.9
Price control	12.3	11.8	9.6	11.3
New markets	9.8	9.2	10.6	9.8
Development of new products	0.8	6.7	13.5	6.7
Consolidation of allied industries	2.5	5.0	12.5	6.4
Better methods of production	2.5	7.6	7.7	5.8
Cooperation of unrelated industries	0.8	0.8	4.8	2.0
	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0

Other industrial needs that received occasional mention in this report were:

Better monetary policy and control by the government and banks; check on overproduction by scientific, automatic increases in interest rates; tariff adjustments; reduction of working hours; legalized production control; more intensive cultivation of home markets at prices attractive to consumers with reduced incomes.

IN the same questionnaire opinions were asked on the employment of manufacturing facilities and the use of research. After studying all the findings, the firm which made the investigation comes to certain conclusions which are thus set down in *The Manufacturers Record:*

Rebuilding the market in agricultural areas is fundamentally important, but the readjustments needed are not quickly made, and industry can do little to aid them.

The consumers' market in industrial areas can probably be more quickly restored.

Measures for the reduction of competition by agreements and mergers, bringing more order out of chaos, must proceed.

Reorganization of distribution channels must go on, to remove a condition that stifles the growth of many industries.

The new products that are changing the face of industry should be absorbed by established industries, rather than allowed to multiply the number of corporate candidates for the consumers' dollar.

Continuous obsolescence, tho unpleasant to face, must be anticipated by constantly widening contact with new developments.

The scope of research beyond any one company or industry or country must be recognized, and organized access to it and as far as possible, direction of it, secured by forward-looking manufacturers.

The Railroad Bondholder's Problem

WORRIES OF RAILROAD bondholders have naturally been reflected on the New York Stock Exchange with considerable selling and consequent cheapening of railway securities.

These worries have been increased by the recent publication of a list of thirty carriers, showing that half of them failed to earn fixt charges by one-and-one-half times during the first-half of this year, and by the publication of a list of bonds removed from the New York State legal investment list for savings banks because of such drop in earnings. A banker witness at the Interstate Commerce Commission hearings on the railroad rate-increase proposal has declared that the future of railroad bonds as an investment is now at stake.

However, Mr. Carlton A. Shively of the Consolidated Press suggests in one of his dispatches from New York that "in their fight for increase in freight rates, spokesmen for railroads have placed so much emphasis on the danger of the removal of the railroad bonds from the legal lists for savings banks that investors are perhaps feeling undue alarm over such a contingency." Of course, says this writer, the consequences would be serious, "but the wholesale dumping of bonds simply because they have been removed from the list is unlikely." The New York Law, which is generally taken as a model statute, forbids savings banks or guardians of trust funds to make new purchases not on the legal list. The law says this about holding previous purchases:

"Wherever any securities purchased by any savings bank . . . shall have, either before or since the time such purchase was made, ceased to be an authorized investment for the moneys of a savings bank, the superintendent (of banks) may, in his discretion, require such savings bank to sell such securities.

OF course, the effect on the market for new issues will be pronounced, "railroads would have to pay higher interest charges on their borrowed money, because of the necessity of selling new bonds to a class of investors requiring a higher return than savings banks." It seems to this writer that any superintendent of banks is pretty likely to allow savings banks to use their own discretion, and "savings banks are unlikely to hold bonds that seem to be on the way to default."

Holders of railroad bonds are being influenced by a mass psychology for which Charles F. Speare, also of the Consolidated Press, can find no justification:

There is no good reason why, because an unreasonable State law removes a certain well-secured bond from the legal list, an investor should sell it at the current depreciated price.

The inability of railroads of the highest credit, with property investment much in excess of capital, to meet a prescribed formula in one year, tho exceeding requirements by a liberal margin in the previous five years, does not constitute an excuse for throwing their bonds overboard. It reflects on the judgment and courage of those who do so.

Similarly, without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the railroad case, Mr. George T. Hughes, investment analyst for the same press service, insists that, "there is no need for concern over the outcome on account of the savings banks":

Railroad bonds of certain prescribed types are legal investments for savings banks in New York State, because they are supposed to be safe. They are not safe simply because they are legal investments. If the banks believe, and taking them by and large the judgment of their trustees may be relied upon, that railroad bonds are suffering a permanent deterioration of investment value, they will be disposed of regardless of whether they comply with the legal technicalities or not.

The only difference it would make to the banks if some of these bonds were removed from the legal list would be that they could no longer make new investments in them, and would have to place additional funds elsewhere, in government, State, or municipal bonds, in public utility bonds, or in real-estate mortgages.

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Red-Ink Panic

TOO many manufacturers "are playing Lady Macbeth," says the editor of *Advertising and Selling*.

Just as Lady Macbeth ran about, seeing imaginary blood on her hands and crying, "Out damned spot!" so some of our manufacturers discovering red ink in their ledgers "race through their factories, hollering, 'Out, everybody, out! The plant is closed!'" "This silly fear of red ink," as the editor calls it, brings this comment:

The trouble with most of these manufacturers is that they didn't know before what red ink looks like. They become hysterical when they see it.

We know of one concern that showed a profit every month during the thirty-five years of its existence, until March of this year. When the head of the company saw the red ink, he discharged 50 per cent. of his force, canceled his advertising, and curtailed all promotion activity.

An advertising agency ran eleven years without ever sustaining a loss. April was the first unprofitable month of its career. The president immediately became panicky, and within a week wiped out the identity of his fine little business by merging with a large competitor.

The Wall Street Journal has been running a series of "Back to Sanity" articles, in which it is shown that so pessimistic has Big Business become that even the quick assets of the best-managed corporations are regarded of little or no value. For instance, in June the stock of the Gulf Oil Refining Company was selling for less than the Mellon management invested in new property during 1929 and 1930. The $420,000,000 put into the business between 1907 and 1929 is counted worthless.

Checks That "Make 'Em Spend"

AN ingenious plan that may or may not be practical in individual cases has been launched in a New York State town "to force money into circulation, keep it from being hoarded, and aid in the payment of old debts."

The Forbes Magazine, which calls attention to the scheme, thinks that something like it might be used in many places to stimulate retail trade.

The plan being used in the unnamed locality is described as follows:

The Chamber of Commerce in this town has printed a new and unique type of check which literally burns a $5 hole in the pocket of any one who receives it. The Chamber of Commerce sells this new type of check in $5 denominations to service clubs and local members of the Chamber at $5 each.

As soon as the check is received, the recipient is automatically obliged to pay a debt or to spend the check for merchandise within a time limit of twenty-four hours. The checks are generally issued so that they can not be deposited in any bank for a period of about thirty days, during which the campaign is under way.

The result is that each of these $5 checks changes hands at least thirty times a month, and thus each $5 check does $150 worth of business each month, and the whole process tends to speed up the currency turnover and general business.

3 out of 4 GENERATIONS Smoke *EDGEWORTH*

(But the fourth is only 5 years old)

MR. ROBERT M. GABELER of Gloversville, N. Y. comes from a pipe-smoking family. The Gabelers are men who enjoy their smoking, and Mr. Gabeler's letter printed below will quickly tell you why:

"Gentlemen:

"I have smoked Edgeworth tobacco since 1918, when I first started to smoke. I have never been able to find another tobacco to satisfy me as Edgeworth does. Naturally I have tried several different brands, but there is something lacking in all of them.

"There are four generations in our family and three of them smoke Edgeworth. The only reason that the fourth doesn't smoke it too is that he's only 5 years old!

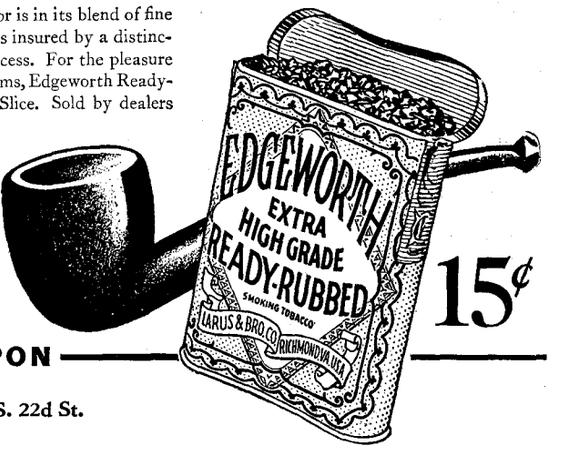
"When my son becomes old enough to smoke I'll present him with a pipe and a supply of Edgeworth. I honestly believe that Edgeworth contains nothing but the highest grade tobacco."

What Mr. Gabeler says about Edgeworth echoes what thousands and thousands of men have found to be true about pipe smoking, and about Edgeworth, too. For full pleasure from smoking, a pipe filled with Edgeworth tops the field.

Just settle down to a good pipe and Edgeworth. You'll have the coolest, smoothest, finest-flavored smoke that a man ever knew.

All we ask is that you give pipe smoking *a fair chance*. Get Edgeworth at any dealer's. Or if you want to try before you buy, clip the coupon. It will bring you a special sample packet of Edgeworth, free. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

The secret of Edgeworth's flavor is in its blend of fine old burleys. Its natural savor is insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. For the pleasure of smokers it is put up in two forms, Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Sold by dealers nearly everywhere. If your dealer will not supply you, send your order to the makers, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia. Pocket Size Tin, 15¢. Half pound tin, 75¢. Pound Humidor Tin, $1.50. Also packed in Vacuum Tins in pound and half pound sizes.



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Wooing the Tourist by Lower Steamship Rates

TRANSATLANTIC AIRPLANE FLIGHTS have not yet become so popular that the steamship companies can complain the way the railroads do, of new competition cutting into their business.

Nevertheless, points out the New York *Evening Post*, they are having their troubles. "In addition to decrease in travel, due to the depression, the virtual cessation of immigration has cut deeply into former profits." True, these losses have been partly counteracted by the institution of tourist classes; but this summer even those who would normally avail themselves of the low tourist rates have been staying home in large numbers. After all, "a European tour is a luxury, and the steamship companies have been forced to realize that the luxury trades suffer the worst in such times as those we are now going through."

The Evening Post is one of several papers to point out that these mid-summer rate changes come too late to help business this season. Their real test, it observes, will come next season.

At any rate, the eighteen principal steamship lines plying between this country and Canada and Europe (known as the Transatlantic Passenger Conference) announced reduced rates beginning August 17 east-bound, and October 1 west-bound, first-class fares being cut by 10 to 30 per cent., and third-class by 15 per cent. The revised schedule lists first-class passage one way at $155 to $260 in the winter season, and $172.50 to $287.50 in the summer. Third-class rates range from $73 to $83 one way and from $131 to $150 round trip. An intermediate season (between summer and winter) is eliminated. Second-class charges are unchanged, but they will in effect be brought down by the elimination of certain supplementary charges. The highest price group of ships are the fast new German liners *Bremen* and *Europa*, and the next group includes the *Ile de France*, *Empress of Britain*, *Aquitania*, *Berengaria*, and *Majestic*.

The general passenger manager of the Cunard Line speaks of the new rates as the contribution of the shipping lines to the attempt to overcome the business depression. Dr. Kiep of the Hamburg-American Line says it is the "confident hope of the Conference that the reductions will commend themselves to the public and stimulate natural desire to travel." Incidentally, it is Dr. Kiep's opinion that "of all commercial enterprises, shipping has been hardest hit by the world depression." Along this line we read in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Travel on the North Atlantic has suffered a sharp drop this season as compared to last, and all of the big liners, with the exception of the *Bremen*, *Europa*, and *Ile de France*, have been hard hit by the decrease in first-class carryings. So bad was the outlook a few months ago that the Cunard Line announced a series of week-end cruises with its big liners in order to pick up extra revenue and to stimulate a desire to travel on the part of those getting their first taste of the sea on the low-priced cruises.

The Cunard's move proved so popular that a number of other transatlantic lines entered the short-cruise field with their big liners, with the result that thousands are now sailing out of New York weekly on cruises running from three and a half to six days.

It is estimated that before the year is over the canceled scheduled sailings by North Atlantic lines will easily number forty.

THIS rate-reduction is a matter of much more than passing importance, says the New York *American:*

Continuance of the depression this summer radically cut into the profitable tourist trade, which was becoming an increasingly important means of settling international balance of payment.

For example, during 1930, when the tourist trade was still flourishing, expenditures of American visitors overseas amounted to more than one-fourth of the total value represented by our merchandise imports.

As long as the lure of travel persisted, Europe found a way to pay interest on her debts by permitting American tourists to gain visual impressions of art works at the Louvre in Paris, at the Pitti and Uffizzi Galleries in Florence, and at the great cathedrals throughout the Continent.

The balance of American tourist expenditures abroad reached a sum three times as large as the allied debt payments to the United States Treasury.

In 1929, when war-debt payments reached $212,000,000, net tourist spendings amounted to $659,000,000, which, incidentally, were larger than the total interest payments due on long-term private foreign investments held in this country.

In the light of the cold figures, it is apparent that it is more important for Europe to woo back the American tourists than to get a moratorium on war-debt payments.

The sharp rate-reductions are intended to reawaken the demand for tourist travel.

The cut is in line with world-wide price declines.

It brings the tariff for transatlantic travel nearer the prewar level.

It should bring into the group of potential travelers many who hitherto felt that they could not afford the luxury.

No gloom psychology should be allowed to discourage those who are financially able from availing themselves of the joys of tourism.

Twilight of the Small Farmer

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS, we are told, looms the doom of that important figure in American life, the small farmer.

With prices of farm products continuing to drop, writes Willis J. Ballinger in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that sturdy, socially valuable little fellow—over whose troubles there has been such concern among politicians and poets—will be ready for the business museum." This is the idea—

Out in the West the tractor and giant combine have declared a war of extermination on the small agriculturist.

From the Panhandle of Texas north to the Canadian border, large-scale farming, using costly machinery and cultivating at one lick anywhere from 10,000 to 50,000 acres of land, is producing wheat for less than forty-five cents a bushel, and cotton around six cents a pound.

For these farmers there is no farm crisis. But their prosperity is the ruin of millions of little tillers of wheat and cotton.

East of the Mississippi are bunched our little grain growers. These belong to an older order dating from Colonial days.

The average holding is from 120 to 160 acres. The holders are numerous. Three-fifths of all our wheat and cotton growers are these small growers east of the Mississippi.

It costs them around $1.40 a bushel to grow grain and about sixteen cents a pound to raise cotton. Fifty-one-per-cent. wheat and eight-cent cotton is certain ruin for them.

Now their large-scale competitors of the West are increasing their acres and dumping millions of new bushels of wheat and bales of cotton onto the market. The price of these crops consequently falls and little growers are trapt.

The first farm expert in the government service frankly to recognize the doom of the small farmer was Dr. W. J. Spillman, whose death last month, says Mr. Ballinger, "eliminated one of the clearest, most talented minds wrestling with the farm tangle." Dr. Spillman envisaged a war to the finish between the big and the small producer in agriculture, and he was convinced that before long some eight million small farmers would be on their way to the cities to add another element to the already baffling unemployment problem.

PLANS like the McNary-Haugen bill, as Mr. Ballinger quotes Dr. Spillman, would simply encourage more production. But this agricultural economist advocated a modified debenture-credit system based not on the actual crops, but on average production for five years. Of course this would merely delay things somewhat, but in the meantime the small producer would be relieved of immediate distress and have time to gather his wits and understand the realities of the situation. Then—

Some enterprising spirits will begin a profitable work of consolidating small holdings. In that process the exit of the bought-out farmer will be gradual. There will be no such stampede as now threatens our social stability. It will be an orderly constructive migration.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Chance to Improve.—"He was a failure as an architect, so he went on the stage."

"Is he drawing better houses?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Findin's Keepin's.—Boss (pointing to cigaret stub on floor)—"Smith, is this yours?"

SMITH—"Not at all, sir—you saw it first."—*Montreal Star.*

Steady Chaser.—The small son of the house was chatting on the front porch with the young man who had called to see his big sister.

"Daddy says you are like the month of June," confided the youngster, "'cause when you come in May goes out."—*Stray Stories.*

Beginning Life's Battles.—NEW NEIGHBOR—"Have you any brothers and sisters, dear?"

MARGERY—"I had a brother, but we're divorced."

NEIGHBOR—"Divorced?"

MARGERY—"Yes; pa's got Jackie and ma's got me."—*Boston Transcript.*

Worth Repeating.—He was a bit shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I am sorry I offended you," she said.

"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied, "I'm going for more flowers."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Brown Them Lovingly.—An old-time Rutlander ordered a goose from a neighboring farmer, but had two delivered to him.

"I ordered only one," he protested.

"Those geese have run together for twenty years," said the farmer's wife. "I couldn't bear to separate them now."—*Rutland Herald.*

Check Your Sobs.—A welcome caller, after many kind receptions, plucked up his courage and asked his hostess why a beautiful urn in the living-room was always covered over.

"Oh, it contains my husband's ashes," was the response.

"So sorry," replied the guest, "but I had no idea you were a widow."

"I'm not. My husband is just too stingy to buy ash-trays."—*Argonaut.*

But He's Far From a Lemon.—

LUXURY

The Eskimo can't read or write,
His table ways are not polite;
Yet favored he appears to be
Beyond the likes of you and me;
For when he wants a piece of ice
He doesn't stop and ask the price;
He does not have to wait at all
But chops it from the parlor wall.

—*Washington Star.*

Dream of Comfort.—

Oh, this is weather,
How fine and dandy,
To dress as light
As Mahatma Gandhi!

—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Beware of Glass Jars, Too.—A dignified Cornell professor broadcasts a warning against eating the cellulose wrappers that come around the smokes. And what we can't see is why he didn't also tell us never to eat the can the beans come in, too!

The heat must be awful at Cornell this summer!—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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The Unemployed: "Believe me, I'll get some kind of a job to-morrow!"—"Life."

Fresh-Air Fiend's Plot.—PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT (to client)—"All these exercises for increased strength must be done in front of the open window."

CLIENT (owner of new house)—"But that's just it. I want the increased strength first so that I can open the window!"—*Vancouver Province.*

Hair Shirt Would Help.—Style expert says the fashionable fair one soon will return to the old-fashioned wasp-waist corset. But it's difficult to understand why. To a person admittedly ignorant of such matters it looks as if the fashionable fair one might accumulate the same amount of misery with less trouble and expense by slamming a door on her thumb every other morning.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Placating Pa.—The nervous young suitor entered her father's room to pop the all-important question.

"I—er—er—want to marry your daughter," he commenced.

"What!" exclaimed the girl's father. "Marry my daughter. I'm astonished. What on earth do you mean?"

"Now, now," replied the youth soothingly, "don't talk like that! You're prejudiced against the girl. She's all right, really."—*Answers* (*London*).

Slips That Pass in the Night

Often Happens.—The committee has been wording assiduously for some weeks.—*Roseburg* (*Ore.*) *paper.*

Take Her Back and Welcome.—Lost:—Boston female, dark and white with one white eye.—*Huntingdon* (*Pa.*) *Daily News.*

Endurance Crawler.—Last year he paddled up and down the De Soto pool for five continuous hours and has been swimming steadily ever since.—*Savannah Evening Press.*

Jealous of His Reputation.—Hear this truth-telling message. You may say I am a liar, but I'll prove it.—*Marshall* (*Mo.*) *paper.*

Jacks of All Trades.—

CLIFTON WILL
USE POLICE TO
BLOCK SEWERS

Paterson (*N. J.*) *Evening News.*

Chopped Greens.—

FRESH DANDER LINES
FRESH SPIN ITCH

—*Sign in a store window, reported by the Boston Transcript.*

No Longer One Way Only.—Trondhjem—There were no public formalities to-day and many of the visitors who have come here to see King Haakon VII crowned seized the opportunity to go to Hell, which is twenty miles from this city. Return tickets were available at a low price.—*Exchange.*

Took An Overdose.—

LAKE BEING DRAINED TO SOLVE
MYSTERY OF MISSING DRY
AGENT FILLED BY RAIN

—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

Idea for Mr. Ziegfeld.—

BIGGEST VALUES EVER OFFERED
TO THE PEOPLE OF CEDAR RAPIDS,
COME SEE OUR WIDOW DISPLAY

—*Cedar Rapids Gazette.*

Good Bag.—Bishop Beecher loves to quote the following entry in Bishop Graves's diary:

"Went duck-hunting with Beecher this morning; killed 12; baptized three in the evening."—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Tacks Collecting for Department of Interior.—Lewis, tax collector in the Irish Valley section, was engaged in relining refrigerator doors and had a number of tacks in his mouth. Joseph Breslin, proprietor, started talking to Lewis and when the latter started to respond he swallowed four of the tacks.—*Shamokin* (*Pa.*) *paper.*

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